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FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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No. 667.—Vol. XXVI. NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1879. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.50 A YEAR, POSTAGE FREE.

The Chums at Harvard College. A Sequel to "Orville and Dan."

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

CHAPTER I.

A NOBAL VICTORY.

"HARVARD COLLEGE!" shouted the conductor of a street-car, as the vehicle stopped at its destination in the square. "Here you are, young men!"

The passengers addressed were Orville and Dan Fillsmore and Yuzo Benkei, who had come to Cambridge for examination before being admitted as freshmen.

"The conductor knows we're greenies," muttered Dan, as the trio halted on the sidewalk and gazed across the road at the college-buildings. "Well, I guess we look fresh."

Orville nodded, and turning to a sophomore, who was keenly inspecting their costumes, asked if he could direct them to the president's house. The young fellow waited until the next car from Boston had discharged its living load, then glancing at Benkei, and pointing another way with his finger, replied:

"The Prex lives over there. Is your chum a Jap?"

"He is a Japanese *gentleman*," quietly responded Orv. "Thank you for your information."

The soph smiled at his speech, and after agaiu eying Benkei with a half-contemptuous air, walked off, leaving the newcomers somewhat indignant at his behavior.

"He's no gentleman," hissed Orville. "For two plus I'd follow him and tell him so."

"Better not," quietly observed Ben. "Our instructor, Dr. Sands, warned me I would not be popular with all the students. You forget I'm a heathen Jap."

"See here, Ben," said Dan, as they crossed the road; "we're not going to allow the boys to pick on you. When we were in Japan your folks treated us first-rate."

"You forget we Japanese are only partly civilized," was the merry rejoinder. "When we are as polished as your nation is we may address our American visitors as Yanks."

"I'm ashamed of my country," said Dan, warmly.

"I am not," put in his brother. "I am only indignant at the rude conduct of one of my countrymen. Wait until we come back here in the Fall; I'll make that sophomore sorry he spoke."

"Not on my account," pleaded Benkei. "If you refuse to let me fight my own battles I shall decline to enter the college."

"Chum," said Orv, "you are like our brother, and if any one insults you he'll get it hot from us."

"Just so!" warmly added Dan. "We'll stick to you through thick and thin, Ben. I believe that young fellow is a Californian."

"Never mind what he is," smilingly answered the Japanese; "all my countrymen do not like you as I do, so I must not expect too much from yours."

"This is the president's house," said Orv. "I hope he will not turn out to be a hater of foreigners."

In a few minutes they were admitted to the residence, and after delivering the letter, were shown into a reception-room.

"Doctor Sands says he is one of the noblest, best men in the world," remarked Benkei, as they seated themselves.

"Hush!" signaled Dan. "Here he comes!"

As the lad spoke the door was slowly opened and there entered a quiet, dignified old gentleman, who, after welcoming his visitors, took a chair near them and said:

"My old friend and college chum, Doctor Sands, appears to have some doubt as to the admission of Mr. Yuzo Benkei. There was an objection made to receiving any more foreigners, but I am happy to inform you that the Faculty have decided to admit all who can pass the examination. How long have you been under the doctor's instruction, Mr. Benkei?"

"Seven months," answered the young man. "I have worked very hard and can now write, as well as speak, English. I owe as much to my good friends here as to the doctor."

"No, indeed!" quickly observed Orv. "He has studied from morning till night, and shamed us by his progress!"

"I am delighted to hear you speak thus of your companion," said the president. "Doctor Sands informs me that you have traveled through a portion of the Mikado's empire."

The brothers briefly described their journey, and were rising, in order to take their leave, when a servant announced:

"Mr. Ando Takouma no Kami!"

"I will see him," said their host. "Pray, resume your seats, young gentlemen. In Nipbon, my visitor is a prince; here he is plain Mr. Ando."

In a few moments the attendant returned and ushered in a slim, quiet, gentlemanly Japanese, dressed in American costume, on seeing whom, Benkei exhibited great nervousness and prostrated himself on the carpet. The newcomer smiled at this, and after being introduced to the brothers, said to Ben:

"My countryman, you need not perform that ceremony in America. Rise, I pray you, and shake hands."

At first Benkei was

"'OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND CLOSE YOUR EYES, THEN I'LL GIVE YOU A GREAT SURPRISE.' BEN SLOWLY DID AS HE WAS COMMANDED, AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE TASTED THE DELICIOUS MORSEL."

afraid to do this, the odd habit being difficult to conquer; however, he finally rose, and, after bowing profoundly, saluted the noble as:

"Anata (*my lord*) Ando Tsunema no Kami."

The President regarded them solemnly, and, when Ben had again taken his seat, remarked:

"I am glad Mr. Ando has arrived just now. You will be able to talk with him in his native language."

This kindly speech set them completely at their ease, for, spite of his condescending, the prince felt somewhat awkward at having to treat a commoner as his equal.

In Japan Ben would not have dared to stand in his presence, though this slavish custom is fast becoming a thing of the past.

After making the strangers thoroughly acquainted, the President referred to the proficiency of the Japanese students in their various studies, and as the chums took their leave, said:

"Your examination will begin to-morrow. I hope you will pass, as did Mr. Ando, without a condition."

The trio thanked him and retired, leaving the prince to continue his interview.

"Isn't the President just splendid?" said Orville, as they gained the street. "Doctor Sands told us we should respect him at sight."

"He is not, with all his knowledge, a bit proud—is he?" observed Dan.

"No," quietly responded Benkei. "Our poet, Yamato Daké, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, wrote:

"'A fool's tongue moves incessantly,
The great scholar is unassuming.'"

Orville winked at his brother, and mimicking Ben's high-flown style, said:

"Just so! Our poet, Josh Billings, wrote:

"'The working mole is silent.
Yew ken hear an ass miles away.
An empty can gives out most noise.'"

"He ought to have been a Japanese," laughingly remarked Ben. "When did he die?"

"Oh, he's alive and chipper," said Orv. "He's the Solomon of this nation. You should hear his lecture on milk?"

Ben shuddered and said:

"Milk—a *good* like *milk*? Well—I may yet take to it."

"Bet you will!" chuckled Dan.

When they reached the square, Orville addressed a student who was *glancing* at Ben, and inquired:

"Will you kindly tell me where we can obtain some refreshment?"

The young man looked him full in the face and answered:

"Yes! Fresh, I suppose? Go over to Karl's." Then, directing them to the place, turned upon his heel and walked toward Matthew's.

The friends proceeded to the restaurant, which proved to be well patronized by collegians, and mounting to an upper room, ordered dinner.

As they were enjoying their meal they heard some one at the next table making remarks in a loud tone, and presently the speaker said to the waiter:

"I did not know Karl allowed colored persons here?"

Orville bit his lips and glanced at Dan, who motioned him to restrain his anger, while Ben, utterly unconscious of the allusion, ate his food in a way that showed he greatly enjoyed it.

The waiter looked around the place, and turning to the speaker, replied:

"Colored persons? I don't see any here, Mr. Morrice."

"I do, at the next table from this," said the sophomore, in a bullying voice, at the same time scowling at Orville. "I am not in the habit of patronizing houses frequented by niggers."

The words had scarcely passed his lips ere Orv was upon his feet, and he was confronting the speaker, saying:

"Sir, that *gentleman*," indicating Ben, "is my good *friend*, Yuzo Benkei, of Japan. Will you please apologize for your insult?"

His manner was so brave and dignified that the students who were at the other tables instantly sided with him, crying:

"Bravo! Well said! Apologize, Morrice."

"And suppose I do not comply with your demand?" said the youth, rising and facing Orv, above whom he towered a full head and shoulders. "Who the dickens are you, to ask such a thing of me?"

The young man, for Orville was now eighteen years old, fearlessly returned his opponent's glance and said:

"My name is Fillamore. For over a year myself and brother traveled in the land of which my friend is a native, and were never once insulted by his countrymen as you have so grossly insulted him. If you do not apologize *I will make you.*"

The bully blushed and scowled for a while, then, quitting the room, descended the stairs and left the building, beaten by the manly courage of Orville, who, as he resumed his seat, was greeted with three rousing "'Rahs" by the admiring spectators, while Dan, who had excitedly watched his brother, proudly whispered his satisfaction to him, and Ben thanked his friend with a glance that showed how deeply he was grateful.

When they rose to quit the place a number of collegians gathered about them and expressed their admiration of Orville's act.

"You behaved magnificently," said a tall, handsome junior. "I suppose you have come up to pass your exam?"

"Yes," replied Dan, speaking for his brother, who was busy shaking hands with their new friends. "We're going to enter the freshman class."

"Won't you beer?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The brothers declined, and thanking the young men for their hospitality, were leaving the place when the junior said:

"You have cured the biggest bully in the college. Take my advice and look out for him. He will endeavor to be revenged upon you. My name is Donald Mortimer. I hope you will pass your exam without any annoyance. We have several Japanese gentlemen in my class, and think very highly of them."

"I am proud to hear you say so," observed Benkei. "From what I just now heard, I was beginning to fear my presence was obnoxious to the collegians."

"Not at all! Not at all!" simultaneously answered several of the young men. "We'll tell the boys about you, and when you return in the Fall you'll find lots of good fellows to welcome you!"

After thanking their new acquaintances, the chums paid for their meal and returned to Boston, where the Fillamores had relatives, with whom the trio staid for the night.

"Orv," inquired Benkei, as they chatted over their experience, "what would you have done if Morrice had not walked off?"

"Well," quietly responded his chum, "I would have made him apologize, just as I said. Never mind, you won't be tempted after this. Good has come out of an unpleasant incident, and we have gained a moral victory."

CHAPTER II.

TRYING FOR FRESHMAN.

ABOUT eight o'clock the next morning the chums were back at Cambridge, and after they had registered their names and presented credentials, an official directed them to the place of examination — about the door of which a large crowd had already assembled.

Precisely at nine o'clock the janitor admitted them into the building, when ensued a scramble for seats, as those of the young fellows evidently having been posted as to which were the best positions.

As soon as they were settled in their places, each received a paper containing printed questions, and a blank book in which to write replies; and soon they were the busiest of all—their progress being watched by sharp tutors and proctors, who moved hither and thither in order to see there was no communication between the aspirants, or "ponies" (books of reference) used by them. One hour was allowed in which to answer each paper, though many of the candidates got through the task in half that time—among the number being Orville and Dan.

Turning English into Greek was evidently tough work for Benkei, but he wrestled manfully with his task, and he was ready for the second paper before the hour expired.

He had studied diligently under Doctor Sands at Coopertown, and being naturally fond of foreign languages, had made immense progress, his hesitation, on that occasion, arising more from nervousness than lack of knowledge.

Upon the last exercise of the morning being completed, the contestants were permitted to retire, and when the chums quitted the hall they left quite a number of their fellow-laborers hard at work.

"Well, Ben," said Dan, as they strolled toward a restaurant, "how do you feel? The questions were tough, eh?"

"Yes, some of them were," he replied. "What made me shaky was the feeling of being the only Japanese in the party, and if I failed I should disgrace my country."

"Oh, you'll pass, Ben," remarked Orville. "You remember, the doctor prophesied you would get through with great credit?"

"Yes, he was very confident," quietly answered Ben. "Orv, that's saying. Never prophesy until you are quite sure of a thing."

"I guess he knows what he is about," said Dan. "You are too modest by half, old chum."

The friends entered a place of refreshment, where they found several other students whom they had met at Karl's on the previous day.

"How are you getting on?" inquired the handsome junior, Mr. Mortimer, nodding to them from his seat. "Are the questions very difficult this year?"

"No," said Orv; "they are much easier than we anticipated."

Their friend introduced them to the students at his table, and as the chums seated themselves, they heard him say in a low tone:

"Those are the Fillamore boys, who lately traveled through part of Japan. You should have seen the one who spoke just now take Mr. Morrice down for insulting that young Japanese. I tell you, he is going to be an acquisition to the college, and his brother is just as spunky. I saw it one could not fix Morrice the other was ready to do it. They will make first-rate rowing-men. The Jap is a good fellow, too."

The trio listened to this with pleasure, and felt glad they had made such a favorable impression.

It was something to be proved, and the boys determined, while endeavoring to avoid quarreling with any one, to always act in the same way, no matter how big and bullying their opponents might be.

When they had cleared the dishes, the chums paid their bill, and, after a short stroll, returned to the hall, arriving just as the examination recommenced.

The first paper given out that afternoon was on geography, and as the brothers were well posted on the subject, they rapidly filled in the replies; while Dan's memory suddenly called him, and, without thinking of the penalty, he asked Orv, in a whisper:

"What States are tributary to Siam?"

His brother mused for an instant; then, bending slightly forward, his breath:

"Mind—they'll spot you!"

In an instant a tutor touched him on the shoulder and said, in an audible tone:

"Were you not communicating, just now, sir?"

"I was," who asked the question!" replied Dan, glancing up, his features crimson with shame at having exposed Orv to annoyance—"I am the culprit, not he."

"Kindly give me both your names!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Daniel Fillamore," said Dan. "Indeed, my brother was not at fault. He did not give me the information I asked."

"Upon your honor?" sternly whispered the official.

"Yes; upon my *honor*," answered Dan.

The tutor took down his name, and for the rest of the afternoon the poor fellow felt utterly miserable.

As they quitted the hall, Orville said to him:

"Dan, why did you get me into such a scrape? It was as much my fault as yours. I ought to have answered."

"Do you imagine I would have permitted you to suffer for my crime?" answered Dan. "I don't know myself what it is, but your looking pale in earnest me to feel so bad. I noticed how it tickled some of the fellows."

"Never mind," said Ben; "I heard one of them, *who grinned the most*, get a worse pull-up for using a pony, written on a card. You'll only get conditioned on that paper, and it will make you cautious at orals to-morrow."

"I'm afraid the tutor will render a black report," sighed Dan. "However, as you say, I shall be more careful in future."

At the conclusion of the examinations, an official informed the candidates that the decisions on their papers would be forwarded to them as soon as possible; after which they were dismissed.

"Well," inquired Mr. Ando, who was waiting for them at the entrance, in order to invite the chums to dine with him that evening, "you got through all right, I hope?"

"Orville and Benkei have," said Dan, in a lugubrious voice. "I forgot the regulations and spoke to Orville, and down came a savage-looking tutor on to me; after which I was as shaky as an old barn. It's all up with my chance!"

In vain the collegian told him not to feel blue; the boy had made up his mind to the worst, and refused all consolation.

"Ah," laughingly remarked Ben, "one of our poets says, 'Trouble is greatest at a distance.'"

"He never tried for freshman," growled Dan. "It's no use quoting your poet. I am out of the race, and shall never enter Harvard College."

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH BENKEI IS TEMPTED.

ON a fine morning in July, Orville, Dan and their sisters were seated in a grape-arbor, at the bottom of the garden of their homestead, chatting over domestic matters, while Benkei, who loved to make himself useful, had gone to fetch a letter from the post-office.

"It's about time we heard from the college authorities, is it not?" remarked Nellie. "It seems to me they take a long time to decide if you are learned enough to become freshmen."

"Oh, I have been rejected," growled Dan. "I became so horribly nervous, after that talking business, I knew I made lots of blunders."

"Don't be foolish, brother," said Rose. "Have a little patience. You know the old proverb: 'It's time enough to cry out when you're hurt.'"

"You're as bad as Ben, with your sayings," he tartly responded. "I tell you, I'm certain I am goosed. Orv and Ben will go to Harvard, and I'll have to stay with you girls."

"We shall like that," merrily observed Nellie.

"By-the-way, will one of you speak to Mr. Benkei about the color of his ties and advise him concerning his clothes?"

"Sister," said Orville, "when we were in Japan, we wore garments as ridiculous in his eyes as the red tie he sports is in yours, yet he never said anything to us. We mean to let him do just as he pleases."

"You are right and I am wrong," she replied. "Hush! Here he comes with a handful of letters. He is a good fellow, and I am sorry I said anything about his dress."

In another moment Ben was among them, and after giving Orv an official-looking letter, he said:

"I have opened mine. I only had two conditions—one for Greek and the other for mathematics."

"This," said Orv, taking the communication, "is addressed to my father; I cannot open it."

"Yes, you may," remarked Mr. Fillamore, who had noticed Ben's arrival and followed him into the garden. "Come, set our minds at rest."

Orv did as he was told, and presently answered:

"Dan passed with only one condition and I have a clean record."

"What?" cried his brother, "only one condition? I'd have sold my chance for a cent just now! 'Rah!"

The usual "'Rahs" were uttered, and when Mrs. Fillamore joined them they all laughed at Dan for his folly.

"Go on," he said. "I promise you one thing: This is the last time I'll anticipate trouble. In future I'll wait until it overtakes me, and then bear it like man!"

"Yes; that is right," said his mother. "You are no longer a boy, my son. Come, I propose we make this a holiday and go on a picnic."

The proposal was unanimously carried out, and away went the young folks to invite old school-fellows and secure a fiddler, and by noon the party started for a wood distant about five miles from Coopertown.

Upon arriving at their destination, Orville and Dan volunteered to act as cooks, while Ben, who felt a little shy of the pretty guests, assisted Mrs. Fillamore and her daughters in unpacking the eatables.

"Come, prince," said a merry girl named Sophie Lamont. "We have all brought Japanese fans and want you to tell us the meaning of the pictures upon them."

At first Benkei blushed and hesitated; however, he soon conquered his diffidence, and seating himself on the sward, began to explain the figures on the articles, and soon had his audience laughing heartily.

"Hello, Ben! You're doing splendidly, are you not?" cried Dan, who was busily engaged frying potatoes. "How would you describe your present occupation in Japanese?"

"The young man glanced at the lovely faces of his audience, then said:

"I call this *Hanami*" (among the flowers).

"Won't you sing one of your native songs?" whispered the blushing Sophie, as he gazed admiringly at her. "We are all anxious to hear you."

She was French by parentage and American by birth, and had an irresistible accent, that, coupled with her bright ways, had fairly captivated poor Ben.

"Wait until after dinner," he pleaded. "My throat is dry. When I have moistened it I will sing with pleasure."

"You must eat plenty of ice-cream," she said. "Come, we are all going for a walk until the bell rings."

"Cream," he thought, with a shudder. "Even this *angel* likes it—ugh!" though he did not express his feelings to her, but related stories of his home, how he had once been a house, and what a lovely country Japan was; winding up with: "You ought to visit Dai Nippon."

"I'd like to," she said, then, pausing, added: "There goes the bell. Come, you must sit by me."

"I shall only be too happy to wait on you," he answered.

They hurried back, and taking their places in a vacant spot near a cluster of trees, proceeded to enjoy the repast.

When the ice-cream was served, Ben declined to take any of it.

"Not like ice-am? Never ate it in your life?" cried the amazed Sophie. "Oh, Monsieur Benkei, you *must* take some to please me."

Orville cast one look at his brother, then, pretending he wanted something from the store-wagon, rose and hid behind a tree, Dan following him, grinning like a schoolboy.

"I——I'd rather be excused, miss," murmured Ben, surveying the luscious looking cream that Sophie held toward him. "I——we never eat cream in Japan."

"Oh, come," she cried, regarding him with twinkling eyes; "but we tempt you. It's awfully nice. I was raised upon it."

"I shall die!" moaned Orv, cramming a table-napkin into his mouth in order to choke his laughter.

"Bet he gives in," snickered Dan. "My! ain't his face a study!"

"Come, now," urged Sophie, who was on her mettle, and determined her new friend should taste the delicacy. "You must eat just one spoonful."

Ben could hear his chums laughing, so he turned his head in order to appeal to them, when they dodged out of sight; whereupon he said, in a polite tone:

"I'll take half that quantity—if you insist upon it."

By that time all the party but Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore, who were away at a spring making lemonade, were watching the couple, and as Sophie thought she was doing Ben a good turn in introducing him to the cream, she halved the spoonful and said:

"Open your mouth and close your eyes, then I'll give you a great surprise."

Ben slowly did as he was commanded, and in another moment tasted the delicious morsel.

At first his features expressed the utmost repugnance; however, as the cream melted upon his tongue, he opened his eyes, smiled, smacked his lips, and regarding his laughing tyrant, murmured:

"The fall of Benkei Yuzo! The angel, Miss Sophie Lamont, tempted me with ice-cream, and—I'd like some more."

"'Rah!" shouted the young men of the party; "good for Sophie!"

"Hello! hello!" exclaimed Mr. Fillamore. "What is this all about?"

"I have taken ice cream," said the Japanese, passing a plate to the server. "I am now thoroughly Americanized. Give me some of both kinds, and to-morrow I will write a poem on milk."

They laughingly assisted him, and when he had eaten, he told them how, in his country, they had no use for cows, ending his speech with:

"When I return, I'll enlighten my folks. I will tell them how nice cream is, and how beautiful you American ladies are. I believe Eve tempted Adam with a spoonful of this delicious substance."

"Convinced at last, eh, Ben?" said Orv, emerging from his hiding-place.

"Yes," nodded the delighted young man, "but it took an angel to do it."

"Sophie," whispered Rose to the pretty girl, as they quitted the spread and left the boys to clear up, "you've turned Mr. Benkei's brain!"

"Oh, he'll soon get over it," she answered. "He'll remember his first taste of ice-cream long after he has forgotten me."

"I don't know so much about that," said Nellie. "I think he is terribly in earnest, and will propose before he goes to college. Just fancy, you may one day be a Japanese princess!"

The young lady laughed, and said:

"He is no prince; he told me so before dinner. He says he was brought up as a Buddhist minister, and that his father is a wine-maker, or brewer, as he terms it. Leave us alone; we're having a good time."

"We would not keep him from you for the world," teased Nellie. "Go and comfort the poor fellow with a smile—he's looking for you."

When the remnants of the repast and the plates and dishes had been packed, the fiddler came forward and soon all the party were dancing to their hearts' content.

"Hello, Ben! Are you enjoying yourself?" asked Dan.

"Yes—immensely," panted the young man, as he halted with his partner; "I shall be awfully sorry when it's over!"

CHAPTER IV.

A BUMPTIOUS LITTLE JUNIOR.

"YOU'VE done it," said Orville, when the boys assembled in his room, previous to retiring to bed. "Of course you will marry Miss Lamont, after showing her such marked attention?"

"What do you mean?" said Yuzo, blushing to the roots of his black hair. "I did not propose to her—though I would like to have done so."

"Chum," solemnly remarked Dan, "let me give you a little advice: Don't get spoony. It will spoil you for study, blight your prospects in life, and knock our friendship into a cocked-hat. There are an awful lot of pretty girls at Cambridge, and if you take to falling in love it will grow on you, and," sighing, "we shall have you married and done for before the end of the term. Orv was only joking about Miss Lamont. Now, promise us to drop all such sentimental nonsense. There will be plenty of time for that when you have graduated."

"Ah," sighed Benkei, "our poet, Horinsoto, says:

"'The bee cannot avoid the rose.
A man who loves sees only one object.'"

"You needn't compare yourself to a bee!" chuckled Orv. "Come, old fellow, be sensible. You have learned how nice ice-cream is, now drop poetry and think of Sophie as we do of your lovely country girls."

"I will," said Ben. "You are right, chums, only don't be too hard on me for admiring such a pretty girl."

"We won't," merrily responded Dan. "If you must spoon, be moderate and keep your feelings to yourself, or you'll soon have some mercenary parent down on you for breach of promise, and all your poetical correspondence will be read in court."

"I should not like that," said Ben. "In Japan we have no such difficulty. When a gentleman wants to break off with a lady he sends her a branch of maple, the *ro* (color) of which has changed like his *ro* (love.) She then knows her chance in his direction has faded, and looks out to captivate another young man."

"Don't you try that *ro*-nical game in this country," said Orville. "You'd have the damsel's brother waiting on you *ro*-nically with a seven-shooter, and be riddled like a sieve."

"All right, my friend Benkei. "I see your customs are rather different from ours. How do you do if a lady rejects you?"

"Grin and bear it," chuckled Dan. "Good-night, old chum. September will soon be here, then 'rah for Mr. Harvard. Mo's the beauty who will require all your attention for the next four years."

When the boys had retired, Mr. Moutour made the following entry in his diary:

"July —, 18—, Coopertown, U. S. A.—The leaping carp has surmounted the first fall. The beauty of a living flower has intoxicated a child of my parents, and caused him to taste the ivy nectar of the American gods."

That was the Japanese way of saying he had passed his first examination, met Sophie Lamont, and tasted ice-cream. Though Ben had mastered English, Greek and Latin, he still thought in Japanese.

For the next few weeks the chums put aside study and had a good time, and Benkei saw a great deal of his idol. However, he wisely restrained his exuberant admiration, and contented himself with sighing and worshiping in secret.

The last day at home finally arrived, and a party was given in honor of the chums' departure, among the guests being a short, pithecoid, self-assertive youth named Bangs, a Harvard student, who regaled some astounding stories of college life.

"I'll take care of your brothers," he patronizingly remarked to Nellie, as they strolled about the garden. "I always feel sorry for a fresh. They come to college as green as young cucumbers, and get terribly bullied by the sophs. I'll keep my eye on Orville and Dan, and will look after that Jap."

"I am sure they will be exceedingly obliged," murmured the girl, who was almost choking with suppressed merriment. "You're too kind. What rank do you hold in the college?"

"I'm a junior," he loftily replied, never for a moment imagining she was reading him like a book. "Of course at Harvard I cannot be as friendly with your brothers as I am here. We have certain traditions we are bound to respect, and if a junior or senior were to be too free with the freshys, he would loose caste."

"I understand," said Nellie, subduing her tendency to laugh. "You are like the Brahmins of India. Do you wear a sacred thread and mark your foreheads with holy paint?"

"No!" he seriously answered, adding, "I wish we had some way of distinguishing our rank. It's awfully annoying to be taken for a fresh."

The pretty girl scarcely knew how to keep her countenance, when, espying Rose, Dan, Orville, Sophie and Ben in the arbor, she said:

"Shall we join my brothers and our friends? I want you to tell them what you have related to me."

The junior assented, most graciously, and repeated his tough yarns; during the recital of which Nellie looked at her brothers, and kept them from spoiling the fun.

In his glorious self-conceit Mr. Bangs imagined he was impressing them, and regardless of the young fellows' feelings, he said:

"Freshmen are poor, miserable fellows, and I always feel sorry for them. They are not much better off than our slaves were before the war, and I often wonder how they pull through their hazing."

"Were you ever hazed?" bluntly demanded Orville, glancing down on the cheeky junior, as a Newfoundland puppy does upon a toy-terrier.

"Me?" cried the bantam, indignantly. "I'd like to have seen the sophys try it on. I am an adept with my fists. They all know me at Harvard."

"What is the difference between a sophomore and a senior?" asked Rose, fearing her brothers might say something that would anger the terrible little tartar. "I have asked Dan, but he seems rather puzzled over the matter."

"Ahle," said Bangs, lighting a cigar. "Excuse the dodgerel. I did not compose it. It was written to answer just such a query as yours, and is called

"'THE COLLEGIAN.'

"'The first year he's a freshman green,
And works like any noddy;
The second he's a sophomore bold,
And bullies everybody.
Then comes the junior year, when he's
Full of conceit and knowledge,
And last of all the senior—then
He graduates from college.'"

"And after that, what do you do, Mr. Bangs?" quietly inquired Rose.

"Oh! ah, yes," said the young man, airily. "Well, we astonish the world with our acquirements."

"How long have you been at Harvard?" asked Sophie.

"Four years," answered Bangs.

"Then you are a junior, are you not?" quickly demanded the girl. "First year, freshman; second, sophomore; third, junior; and fourth, senior. Isn't that how it goes?"

"I—I—dropped one term," he stammered, not caring to own he had failed to pass his last examination and was held over to the next; then turning to Benkei, he said, "Won't you oblige me with a song-song? We have a heathen Chinee in our class who howls for our amusement, and is a very comical fellow. I suppose your music is something like his?"

For once in his life Ben exhibited temper, and retorted:

"I understand why your poet describes the junior as he does. I am not a heathen Chinee, Mr. Bangs, but a Japanese. We sing musically, sir, and do not desire to be known as comical fellows like yourself."

This speech most effectually shut Mr. Bangs up, and for the remainder of the evening he was as quiet as a lamb.

"You must give your Jap friend a word of caution," he remarked to Orville, when he took his leave. "If he puts on any frills at Harvard we'll soon have his tone lowered."

"Don't you worry about Ben," said Orv, who, not being desirous of making trouble with a guest, restrained his desire to tell the junior what he thought of him. "Benkei can hold his own anywhere," adding, significantly, "If he can't, my brother and I will help him."

"All right. Mind, I have advised you," said the other, lighting a cigar. "Of course you freshmen can associate with whom you like, only we juniors do not think it good form to chum with outsiders. Good-night."

Orville's first impulse was to kick the little cub. However, remembering Mr. Mortimer, and the frank, generous men of the latter's set, he let him go.

"What do you think of Mr. Bangs?" inquired Dan, who just then approached with Benkei.

"Not much," answered Orv. "It is such fellows as he who give a college a bad name. We will show him we are not so green as he thinks."

"Yes," nodded Ben. "He will cringe day be sorry for having made such an exhibition of his imbecility. Come, chums, I'm tired. Remember to-morrow we start for Cambridge."

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST DAY AT HARVARD.

"ARE these our rooms?" inquired Orville of the College official whose business it was to show accommodations to the freshmen. "We wrote as soon as we received news of having passed our exam, and expected quarters in the University—not outside. Cannot you alter this?"

The functionary glanced at him, and curtly answered:

"Young gentleman, we haven't half room enough for you all, and while you're a freshman, you'll find this suite exceedingly comfortable. It's in decent repair."

"But the door is all to pieces, and the flooring is in bad order," growled Dan; "besides, two of the rooms, as you call them, are mere cubby-holes, and the mantelpiece is tumbling down. Our nice furniture will be ruined here, and look at the dirty wall-paper."

The old fellow did not do as requested; he merely smiled and said, significantly:

"Take my advice and do not indulge in expensive furniture until you go to live in one of the College buildings. Purchase an old carpet, second-hand tables, beds, chairs, and what odds and ends you want. Things sometimes get broken by visitors, and if the traps are cheap you can easily replace them."

"I thought Hazing was prohibited by the Faculty," said Orville.

"Well, so it is!" chuckled the man. "*Of course*, but it sometimes occurs that a fresh makes himself very unpopular, when a committee of sophs will call upon him in a way strongly suggestive of hazing. Take my advice, accept these rooms, and rough it for the first year. I've seen many rue not following this course."

"Where can we find a dealer in second-hand traps?" inquired Dan.

"Go down and ask the first person you meet on the street," answered the official. "I know all the furniture men — they will cheat you if they can. I never recommend either of the gang, then I cannot be accused of any interest in them. There is your bunch of keys!"

When he was out of hearing, Ben said:

"He's right, boys! We'd best send our pictures and Japanese screens back, for a year. We've got to rough it, and I may take at least it. Mr. Ando told me they almost murdered him about a week after he came. The sophs think it's their privilege to bully us freshmen."

"I'd advise them not to tackle us," muttered Orv.

"I second that motion," said Dan. "I'm glad we're forewarned. If they try any of their nonsense on us, we'll give them all the change they want."

"Ah!" exclaimed a cheerful voice from the hall, "so you've been fortunate enough to get my old quarters."

The chums turned, when in walked the monkey-faced Mr. Bangs, as large as life, dressed in a suit of Scotch plaid that made Benkei's eyes sparkle with admiration.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Orv, without attempting to conceal his dislike for the speaker; "we did not expect a visit from you."

"I know you, I'm not proud, dear boys," coolly answered the little junior. "I've come to do you a good turn;" here he thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his pants and continued: "You want some furniture, do you not? I'll sell you the set I used the first year—cheap."

"No, thank you," remarked Dan, turning his back upon the cheeky youth; "we don't want any of your leavings."

Some persons would have huffed at this; Mr. Bangs was not one of that kind. He was a boaster, and conceited, and totally ready for a row with a freshman, but on that occasion had a lot of old furniture to sell and was anxious to "stick" the chums with it.

"Here, fellows," he said, "I don't want you to take my leavings, nor do I wish you to fall into the hands of harpies, like Grimbal and his fellow-dealers. I have got a Brussels carpet that will do you nicely—it was made for this room—a wrought-iron bedstead, table, chairs, and a lot of small things. As I said before, you can have them at your own price. Come and see them; they are stored in the basement on this entry."

At first the brothers demurred, being desirous of not having anything to do with the free-and-easy junior; and, truth to tell, they spoke out very plainly, spite of which he contrived to make them accompany him, and they were presently standing just inside the door of the apartment to which he had referred, gazing on a stock of articles that, apparently, had been pitched into it pell-mell.

"We'd like to examine the things before we purchase," said Orv, regarding the mass suspiciously.

"Here's a list," said the junior, producing a cigar-perfumed, crumpled paper from his pocket; "a hundred articles at a dollar apiece. See this carpet!" pulling out a bundle and showing a corner of the fabric; "of course, the things are worn, but they're good enough for your first year. When you go to room in one of the swell suites, such as Matthew's, you can lay yourselves out and indulge in black walnut or Eastlake furniture. Come, if you don't want them, say so. I shall call in Grimbal and clear them out. Bet you ten dollars he'll jump at them for a hundred or fifty!"

"What do you think, Ben?" inquired Dan, turning to their friend, who had silently examined the heap.

"I'd let him jump," was the young man's quiet rejoinder.

Bangs bit his lips, and signalling them to leave the room, said to Orv, in a scowling tone:

"Your Oriental chum ought to be in the furniture business."

"I was just going to remark that of you," quietly retorted the freshman. "I don't think much of your bargain, anyhow."

"As you please, dear boy," coolly answered the junior. "I've done more than any of my class would for a lot of tenderfeet."

"You haven't done us," chuckled Dan. "Brother told me what you said about our friend here, and we're neither of us very anxious for your society."

"Chut! chut!" said Bangs, locking the door. "It is foolish for you to quarrel with your fellow. Good-morning; you'll soon find your level here."

In another moment he was descending down the entry as calmly as though he had not failed in his design to "stick" the greenhorns. When he reached the street he grinned:

"I'll bring your noses to the grindstone yet, my fine fellows. Confound it, the freshmen get more cheeky every year. When I entered I was sold right and left."

"Say, boys, what do you think of him?" asked Orv, as he and his companions returned to their rooms.

"I think he's a beast," said Dan. "How say you, chums?"

Benkei's eyes rolled and his mouth twitched, and presently he replied:

"We say in Japan, 'Beware of the man who sells antiques; his tongue knows not the truth.'"

"Why, don't you say 'a dealer in old furniture will cheat you if you're not smart,'" snickered Orv. "That is the plain English of it."

"Yes," nodded Ben, smiling good-humoredly. "I know, but I prefer the poetical Japanese style."

They laughed at this, and locking the main door of the apartments, set out to stock the place, presently arriving at the much-abused Grimbal's establishment.

"What can I sell you?" inquired the proprietor, who had a second hand look and a voice suggestive of a chronic state of melancholy, arising from making bad bargains with needy collegians, whom he said always got the best of him in a deal.

"We want some furniture," answered Orville. "Something strong and serviceable."

Grimbal regarded them a while, and after making up his mind they were pretty well off, gave up charge of his store to his wife, and motioning the chums to follow him, led the way into a rear building, crammed with all sorts of articles.

"Choose what you want," he sighed. "I'm going out of this biz; there ain't no money in it now."

He always said that, believing his customers would think he was sacrificing his goods, and be usually succeeded in convincing them they were buying bargains.

"I can lend you a bed, or anything but a bureau, washstand, and some new matting for the floor of my room," remarked Benkei to his friends.

"Say," whispered Grimbal to Dan, in a confidential aside, "is that young fellar a Jap?"

"Yes, my man, what's it to you? Why do you ask?"

The dealer led him to the far end of the store, then observed, in an impressive voice:

"I overheard something said about them Japs this morning by two students who were pricing furniture. They came to the other, 'We're going to start an anti-Japanese society, to clear out those copper-skinned Orientals,'" adding, solemnly, "and they were in earnest."

"Please tell me their names?" inquired Dan. "I will not betray your confidence."

"One was Mr. Morrice, a soph," breathed the man, "and the other was Mr. Bangs, a dropped junior. They spoke about you, too."

"All right," nodded the freshman. "We are not afraid of a dozen like them."

"What is the matter?" asked Orv, joining his brother.

Dan told him, and Grimbal, after enjoining them to additional secrecy, said:

"I had Mr. B. offer to sell you a lot of his cast-off traps!"

"Yes," answered Orville.

"I thought so," grumbled the other. "He stocked up again yesterday, and I thought he was at his old game. He brings a hill of rubbish here, and sells it, as a favor, to some newcomer. There isn't another in the college like him. I am glad you refused his bargains."

"We've traveled," contentiously observed Dan.

When Orv had selected the things they required, the chums went to a carpet warehouse and made some purchases, after which they proceeded to the President's office and signed the regulations.

They dined in the Hall, and there met their junior friend, Mr. Mortimer, who introduced them to a number of collegians, and treated the newcomers like gentlemen.

"Now, Dan," said Orv, as they quitted the building, "let us go to our rooms and see if the traps have arrived."

Upon reaching their quarters they found the carpets laid and Grimbal arranging the furniture, and that evening, when the brothers wrote home, they informed their sisters:

"We think we shall be very comfortable, and have met some real nice men."

CHAPTER VI.

A NICELY-LAID PLOT.

SATURDAY passed quietly away, the regular business of study not beginning until Monday, and after chapel on Sunday the boys were invited by Mr. Ando to spend the rest of the day in his apartments in Matthew's, where they had an animated chat about Japan and enjoyed themselves very much; their conversation being conducted in the native language of their host.

While they were thus employed the following scene occurred in another room on the same entry, occupied by Mr. Radway Morrice and his chum, Josephus Bangs.

The sophomore was reclining on a lounge, smoking a Turkish chibouque, and the junior was extended in the cushioned window-seat, smoking the yard, puffing at an Indian narghileh, handy to both being a table, on which were sundry bottles and glasses.

They knew Orville, Dan and Ben were visiting Mr. Ando, and Bangs had been expressing his feelings upon the subject.

"Yes," said Morrice, emitting a spiral of smoke from his capacious mouth and watching the vapor form in a series of rings, "it's a confounded nuisance, but how are we going to pay them out?"

"After what occurred to both of us last term we daren't be known as mixed up with a hazing scrape. The Faculty are down on it, and if we are caught in such an affair we'll have to git up and git. It will not be suspension the next time, but expulsion for the pair of us."

"That's so," drawled Bangs. "It's a beastly shame for a prominent man like Don Mortimer to take up with two digs like these Filliamores and that scrub of a Jap. I hate the latter. He will be like Ando, a regular dig, and carry off honors. If I had my way I'd refuse to admit foreigners to the college. I believe with that fellow, Denis Kearney, 'Down with the moon-eyed Celestials!' This university was not founded for the education of heathens."

"What do you call yourself?" demanded a tall, weak-eyed student, who had just then noiselessly entered the room. "Who is a heathen, my pugnacious little friend?"

Bangs turned, and regarding the speaker, answered:

"Oh, it's you, Fire-escape! Why didn't you knock?"

"I did, a dozen times," said the newcomer. "Are you as short of hearing as you are in stature?"

"I'll whip you some day, Skerry," laughingly threatened Bangs. "Why don't you tackle a fellow of your own size?"

The sophomore seated himself, nodded at Morrice, and lighting a cigar, responded:

"Because I can't find one. Come, Joe, what has made you get your diminutive monkey up?"

"That new Jap," snarled the dwarf, for Bangs could fairly be thus described. "Here's another of them come to Harvard to carry off our just rights. They work like beavers, and never go round with the boys, and the tutors and professors appear to take a diabolical delight in helping them along."

"I don't think that," slowly answered Skerry. "I'm not in love with the Japs myself, but cannot admit they are favored by the instructors or authorities. I saw Mr. Ando one for getting ahead of me at the last exam, and would not mind annoying him; still, I do not think he was favored any."

"See here, Sker," drawled Morrice, "we've been insulted by these freshmen, and it's a class matter," with which he related his version, a false one, of his meeting the chums, ending his story with, "These fellows must be taken down right away, or they'll walk clear over us before the end of the term."

"Strike a double blow," suggested Bangs; "teach them a lesson and scare the Japs."

"Whoever takes up this affair will earn the eternal gratitude of his class," said Morrice. "My hands are tied, or I'd jump at such a chance to distinguish myself."

"Hum!" mused Skerry; "I suppose you want me to do it?"

"We don't ask you to," said Bangs. "I am like Rad—out of the race. I've spoken to a lot of men, and they all agree that these Filliamores will have to be taken down several pegs. You are just the person to do it, single-handed."

Though the biggest man in the College, Skerry was at least anything but a brave individual. True, he had a reputation for being a good boxer, and was well up in most athletic sports; yet, like many other tall beings, he relied more upon his size than courage, and overawed smaller people, like Bangs, who was really afraid of the soph's long arms.

"I must have some one with me, if I agree to do the business," he said. "I've only had a glance at the freshys, and, from what I saw, they seemed sturdy boys—fighting, grasp, I'm of course, I don't count the Jap. *One* look will finish him."

"A look from you would do it," chuckled Bangs. "They've taken my old den and the adjoining once, put in decent traps and new locks on the doors. You needn't look them badly. Just march in to-morrow night, issue up their furniture, scare them, and teach the scrubs a lesson! You won't require any help!"

"Guess I'll take two of my aids with me," murmured Skerry. "I know a man who hates Japs, and another who owes me a bet—he'll go if I forgive it him. I wish I knew something more of those Filliamore boys, though. I don't want to tackle a pair of grizzly bears."

"Oh, they're all gas," said Bangs. "If I wasn't a marked man by the Faculty I'd walk into those freshys to-morrow evening like a mower into a hayfield. Remember, we stood by you in that row last term, and it's only fair you should help us now; besides, it's a class matter."

"Yes," yawned Morrice, relinquishing his pipe. "You've often said you wanted a chance to make yourself popular, and now is your opportunity. Do what you promised and I will get you admitted into the Omega Society—there now."

The weak-headed bully took the bait, and after detailing his idea, said:

"I'll dress up as a Chinese, and my friends shall do the same, and if the beggars take a row about our visit, we'll spread a report that it was Lem Lin, the Boston laundryman, who did the job, on account of being jealous about the admittance of Japs to this College."

"Good boy!" cried Bangs; "the Chinese detest the Japs."

That afternoon, as they quitted the room, they saw the chums leave Mr. Ando's apartment.

"There they are," whispered Morrice to Skerry. "You're sure you're not afraid, Sker?"

"Not much," he replied, aloud; "I'll make them wish they had never seen Harvard College."

CHAPTER VII.

GIVING THEIR VISITORS A WARM WELCOME.

AFTER prayers and breakfast on Monday morning the routine of college life began in real earnest, the freshmen having three recitations of an hour each: one at eight o'clock, one at noon, and another at four. The chums, like all newcomers, worked hard, and "from the word go" showed the stuff of which true scholars are composed, being quiet, attentive and intensely earnest over their studies.

As they quitted the dining-hall Mr. Ando signaled to the trio, and when they were free from the crowd, said, in a hurried whisper:

"I have received a hint that you are to be hazed to-night. Promise me you will not use any weapons of defense!"

"We shall certainly not permit our visitors to do as they please with us," said Orv.

"We expect them to come, and mean to return as good compliments as they give us," said Dan.

"Yes," nodded Benkei. "It is all on my account, and I shall do my share. Forewarned is being forearmed. I'll back my chums to the death!"

"But I beg of you not to use pistols," urged the other. "This demonstration is only spite on the part of a few men who dislike me and wish to vent their feeling upon you."

"Bless you, it's us they feel mad with," merrily answered Orville. "It would have been all the same even whom not one year nor two are not in the College. We know all about it. The sophs think they have a right to bully us freshmen, as they were. That was all very well some years ago, but it won't do now, and we're going to convince Messrs. Morrice, Bangs & Co. it is so."

The Faculty meet to-night," continued Mr. Ando, who was as excited as the freshmen were cool. "They issued a decree to the sophs this morning, warning them against hazing any one. Take my advice, if they annoy you go right to the Proctor's room and make a complaint. It will cause illfeeling at first, and set some of the seniors against you, still it will be best in the long run. The idea of pairing up with such contemptible treatment and not letting the authorities know about it is absurd. It is a false sense of honor that causes a man to submit tamely to insult and degradation, just because his tyranni is of a higher collegiate rank than himself. If a rowdy should assault you on the street, you call a policeman and give him in charge, do you not?"

"Yes," significantly replied Dan, "if there is an officer in sight; if not we defend ourselves, as we mean to do to-night."

"But promise me you will not resort to the use of pistols?" urged their friend.

"My dear sir," quietly returned Orv, speaking for his friend, "you forget we traveled from Hato, in Yezo, to Tokio, without carrying knife, sword or revolver. As to complaining to the Proctor or Faculty, we're not that kind of boys. We got along very well in Japan without using firearms, and certainly shall not want them in meeting the attacks of these half-civilized sophomores."

"That's so!" said Dan, excitedly. "We have a contempt for a cur who uses such aids as a revolver. Some boys think it's manly to carry one of these tools; we don't. It's a poor fellow who cannot whip his enemy with his fists, or any little thing he catches up—such as a stick—that bruises and hurts, but does not send a soul out of existence."

"Good!" cried Benkei, proudly. "See what a

name rowdies have given America! I agree with chums, and if we cannot defend ourselves without using unlawful means we'll let the sophs work their sweet will on us. Won't we, boys?"

"Yes," said the brothers, in a breath.

"That is an excellent resolve," remarked Mr. Ando, bowing to them. "I hope they will respect the decree of the Faculty and leave you alone. Hazing is scandalous work, and only a few students uphold it. It's the tail of a very old custom."

"We'll convince the minority, then, if they try on any games with us," chuckled Orville, returning the prince's salute. "We'll dock the tail and leave the custom like your cats. I hope the hazers will favor us with a visit. We'll astonish them if they do. Look out for some fun to-morrow."

"Remember your promise," said the gentleman, glancing back.

The chums nodded and laughed, then went their way, chatting as unconcernedly as though they had never heard of hazing.

"Say," observed a stout, muscular soph, who was evidently waiting to interview them, "are you fellows game to meet us at football on the green to-night?"

The boys had heard of this match, which was usually the first encounter between the freshmen and their hereditary enemies, the sophomores. However, as the Faculty had officially decreed against the meeting, Orville said:

"No; we hear it is forbidden, and shall therefore not engage in it."

"Just what I expected from you scrubs," muttered the soph, turning upon his heel.

"Excuse me," cried Dan, moving quickly to the speaker's side. "What did you say?"

The young man turned squarely upon him, and regarding Dan contemptuously, snapped:

"You ears are long enough; keep them open another time," then went off, growling to himself.

He was one of the men referred to by Skerry, and his object was to get the freshmen to join in the coming struggle, so as to have them exhausted and less inclined to show fight when he and his fellow-hazers visited them.

Dan was so hopping mad he felt like following the soph, whose name was Cottar, but he restrained his anger, and rejoining his party, said:

"Another enemy."

"Yes," nodded Orville; "I guess he's one of Morrice's friends. Keep cool, brother; we'll tame them yet."

About sunset the boys joined the crowd assembled on the green, where, spite of the decree, a number of sophs had met to challenge the freshmen.

There was quite a big crowd, including spectators in carriages, outside the railings, yet, spite of the sophomores' demonstration, for a long time no freshmen came forward.

The sophs were dressed in all manner of old costumes and were so disguised that few knew them, the idea being to evade the spotting of the Faculty.

"Come," shouted little Bangs, approaching the place where Orv, Dan and Ben, and a mass of freshmen were congregated. "Any of you Miss Nancys dare to kick this ball? I suppose you're all afraid?"

This challenge was too much for the boys, and forgetting his resolve, Orv jumped forward, shouting:

"We're ready for you!"

It wasn't human nature to stand such a taunt, and his act aroused his classmates as a signal-gun does a fleet of war vessels.

In two minutes more the parties were formed, facing east and west, and at it they went.

For a while the freshmen bravely held their own, then age, experience and weight told, and after a tremendous tussle the sophs sent the ball home and won the first game.

During the struggle, Morrice, Bangs and his crowd had done their best to get at the three chums, and under pretence of gaining the ball, kick, strike and lame them, though somehow their blows did not seem to have much effect.

When the second game was called nearly all the freshmen responded. However, night closed in rapidly upon the scene, and finding the struggle degenerating into a fight with sophs and outsiders, who, under cover of the dusk, joined their opponents, Orville and his party gave up the contest and retired to their rooms.

"Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" cheered the victors, in the sharp, quick manner peculiar to Harvard collegians. "Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

As the crowd dispersed, Morrice and Bangs consulted a while with Skerry, Cottar, and a surly-looking soph named Wackrell.

"We are going down to the gymnasium," whispered Morrice. "As soon as you get through, drop your disguise and join us, and we'll swear you have been with us all the time."

"But why can't you come along, too?" growled Wackrell. "Those freshys are hard hitters. We ought to, at least, *two* them."

"You can tackle the Jap," murmured Bangs. "Confound it, I wish I wasn't suspected of everything that is done in the college. I'd go in single-handed and lane the whole crowd. This is a class matter; and if you men show the white feather, you'll disgrace all hands and be sent to Coventry. Come, I've been telling the men how much we depended upon you. By Jove! I'm so blamed sorry I can't go with you! That ink business is a magnificent idea of yours, Col."

"All right," said the latter; "only I think either you or Morrice ought to be with us."

"My dear boy," replied the soph, in a low, cautious tone, "I was suspended last term for hazing, and only recalled after I had pledged my honor as a gentleman never to engage in it again. I sacrificed myself for you, then. Anyhow, this is a class affair, and if you back out I shall denounce you."

A class affair is a cover for many things, and on that occasion it completely extinguished Mr. Wackrell's objections. Even sophs of his kind have a firm belief in class honor, particularly when it is asserted against what he and his fellows termed, "Those miserable beggars, the freshmen."

"Good luck and lots of scalps," whispered Bangs, as they parted. "Hurry up and skin the scrubs."

"Come, each one of us take different routes, and you meet me-as soon as you are disguised, in the entry to the digs' rooms," breathed Skerry. "Mind, don't forget your revolvers."

While the conspirators were preparing, we will follow their victims.

Orville, Dan, and Benkei were seated at the centre-table in the main apartment of their suite, which they used as a parlor, studying by the light of a students' lamp, and looking as unconcerned as though they had no idea of what was coming.

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT IN TEXAS.—EXTRAORDINARY BATTLE BETWEEN ALLIGATORS.

On their right and left were the sleeping-chambers, one containing a double bed and American furniture, and the other matted in Japanese fashion.

Had Bangs been there he would have noticed solid locks on the doors, also that the fragile barrier on the main one had been replaced with a massive, clamped affair, provided with a strong spring catch.

The chums studied on until they began to think no one would visit them that night, when suddenly the door was opened, and in came Messrs. Skerry, Cottar and Wackrell, disguised as Chinese, their faces and foreheads being covered with well-made Mongolian-featured masks.

The giant carried a quart-bottle of ink, and stooped, in order to conceal his height; Cottar held a bag containing shaving apparatus, and Wackrell a sack half filled with red ochre, with which to besmear the furniture.

The three bullies, believers in a barbarous custom fast being consigned to the oblivion of contempt, silently regarded their victims, then began operations.

Their plan was to do all the damage they could, so as to make the boys mad, after which they intended to draw their pistols, overawe and maltreat them.

Skerry took the cork out of his bottle and said, in a feigned voice, imitating a Chinese laundryman:

"What peecee names we callee new chums, eh?"

"Muckers," said the other two.

Neither of the freshmen moved or glanced at him, but studied on, while the fellow sprinkled ink over carpet, chairs and wall-paper.

"Now gib 'em littee dustee," said the leader, and soon the place was smeared with the red powder; still their victims moved not.

"Ah!" exclaimed Cottar, grasping Benkei by both ears and wrenching his head back, "Dis peecee Jap-dog, him wanchee shavee."

Up to this moment Orville and Dan had borne it, they had only waited to be personally assaulted, in another instant they were on their feet, and Orv was shouting:

"Give it them, boys!"

Their sea-training had taught them the value of sticking together when attacking, so they first sailed into Skerry, whom they floored ere his friends could lift a hand in his defence.

"In with him!" cried Orville.

As Dan and Benkei bundled Skar into one of the sleeping-apartments and bound him, Orv locked the door of the main room, and when his chums rejoined him they went for Messrs. Cottar and Wackrell, who, utterly demoralized, rushed hither and thither in their desperate efforts to escape the just retribution of the freshmen.

"See here, you fellows," pleaded the alarmed Cottar, as they pinned him in a corner and artistically secured his arms and limbs, "we—we—were only fooling, you know. Only fooling."

"We're not," sternly answered Dan; "we're in *dead earnest!*"

In two minutes more they were chivvying Wackrell, who had sought temporary shelter in Ben's chamber.

"Come out into the light, you rascal," said Orv, dragging the terrified soph forward and landing him with a jerk in a chair. "Thought you had got a soft thing in us, eh?"

Wackrell glanced anxiously at his captors and whined:

"You stop it—hear! Hazing is no longer permitted in this college. If you dare to serve us out for this little joke you'll get expelled," adding, nervously, "Say, what are you going to do, eh?"

"Your ears are long enough, keep them open and hear," coolly answered Dan. "It's our turn now. We're going to make you Chinamen wish you'd never seen Harvard College."

(To be continued.)

A SAN DIEGO HEROINE.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., possesses a genuine and unmistakable heroine in the person of a young lady named Miss Mary Lawrence. A few days ago a drove of wild cattle was being driven through the streets, when one of them singled out a child at play and started for it. The vaquero, who was drunk, tumbled from his horse in his attempted to turn the furious animal. At this moment Miss Lawrence came along, and taking in the situation at a glance, sprang into the vacant saddle, ran down the wild steer, threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to gore the child, and, taking advantage of the confusion of the beast, rode up to the child, and without leaving her saddle, reached to it and lifted it into her lap, and then carried it off in safety. This was not only an act of heroism, but an exhibition of horsemanship such as few, if any, in this section could equal. That young lady deserves a medal, both as an expert equestrienne and as a lady whose courage and presence of mind are only equaled by her skill as a rider.

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT IN TEXAS.

"BE ready, George," I exclaimed, as we ran our little boat around a short bend in the bayou; "this is the place where he stays. I was coming down this bayou in the boat that we are now in. Being on the lookout, as I drew near the head of that island yonder, I saw the lengthy chap lying on top of the water, with the sides almost touching a large drift log that had been left there by the tide."

"And the alligator was the longest, I suppose?"

"No; not exactly," I replied; "but I observed that his head was at the butt-end of the log, and his tail reached to, or nearly to, a large limb that projected from the main trunk."

"And I suppose you sculled right up and measured the log, did you?" again put in my friend.

"No, I was not quite so venturesome. I quietly awaited until he swam down the other, the opposite arm of the bayou, and then I went and measured the distance of the limb to the end of the log, and found it to be twenty-five feet."

As I said this, my friend slowly rose, and, emptying the ashes from his pipe, gave a low whistle, and said:

"Pull away, we are afloat," which was the case, as the tide was running out.

Resuming my oars, we were soon closely examining the banks on each side of the bayou for the alligator's track. More than once I was startled by my friend exclaiming:

"There he is!"

Only on looking around we found some quite small alligators swimming quietly up or down the

A SAN DIEGO HEROINE.—A BRAVE YOUNG LADY AT SAN DIEGO, CAL., JUMPS ON A HORSE'S BACK AND RESCUES A LITTLE GIRL FROM A HERD OF CATTLE.

bayou, for he would only indulge in such exclamations when he saw very small ones.

After closely examining the banks for some distance without finding the desired track, we concluded he had left this arm of the bayou. My friend seated himself on the prow of the boat, with his feet on shore, and said:

"This is the time of year for them to be nesting."

"I believe it is," I said; "though I have not seen a single nest, nor will we sitting here on the bank of the bayou. I see how it is. He and his mate must be guarding their nest, wherever that may be; and, to find it, we will have to penetrate the marsh."

Shouldering our rifles, we were soon making our way cautiously through the marshes, in one of the small paths.

After proceeding some distance in the jungle, we began to find a great number of paths, or alligator trails. Pursuing our way, we soon came to lower ground than we had yet traveled over—where the growth was broad salt grass, with here and there a small patch of sea-cane—where there was nothing but salt grass it was impossible for us to proceed, only when we could step or jump from one tuft to another, and woe to him who, by awkward step, allows himself to come between the tufts of grass. To my sorrow, I have more than once felt the bottom. We soon found larger trail than we had as yet seen. Before we had gone twenty yards in the path, my friend, being a little ahead, stopped suddenly with his eyes fixed on a muddy spot in the path, then, raising them, he looked along the path in front; not seeing anything, he turned around, facing me; as he did so, I saw him cast a quick glance along the path we had come (a glance such as only an experienced hunter can give).

"Now, Dick," says my friend, "if you'll just stick to me we'll have him in less than no time. I must see the critter that made that track. He's got a nest at one end of the path, and I think at the end behind us, for the other end most likely goes to the bayou at no great distance from our boat. What do ye say? Do you think you can get away with a lizard of that size?"

"I'll leave that entirely to you," I replied. "You know what it is to attack an alligator in its nest."

"Come on, then," he replied, at the same time taking the back trail. We made our way very easily about three hundred yards, when our little path began to form into a bayou, getting deeper all the time, until we were obliged to take its banks, bending down the grass and making step by step.

Then we would frequently lose our balance and only avoid a ducking by making a desperate plunge to the other side. This was a foolish undertaking for us to penetrate this marsh so far over such a country, for alligators, wild cats, and Mexican tigers are not all that are to be dreaded, because there are hundreds of snakes, mostly the dreaded black moccasin. But as my friend led the way, I had nothing to do but to follow.

Our progress now became more difficult, as the ground under our feet began to give way, and now the jungle is less dense, but on went my friend, stepping and jumping from one tuft of grass to another, only glancing around occasionally to see if I was following.

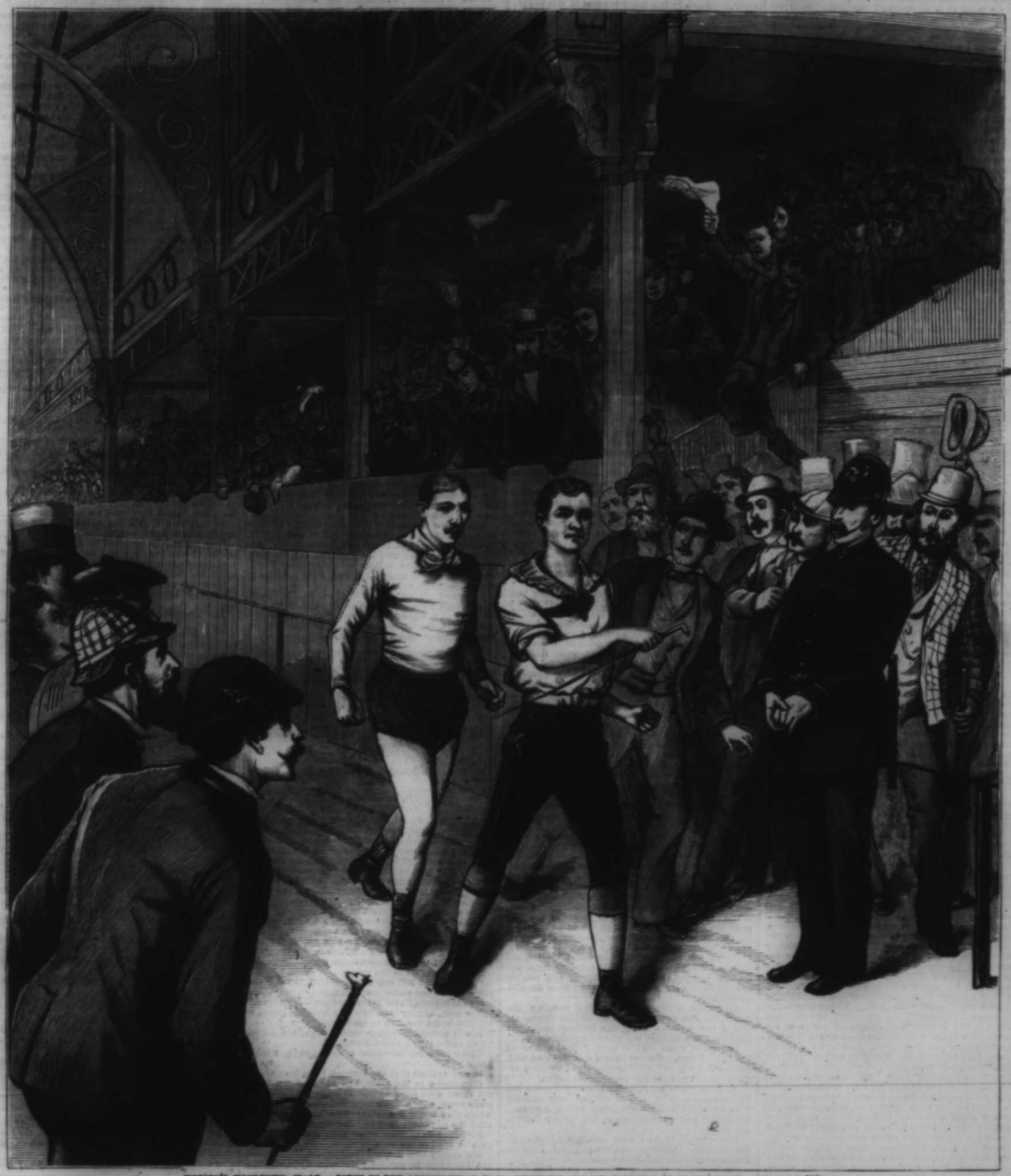
"Do you see that?" asked my guide, stopping on a large tuft of grass. "Do you see that?" pointing at a place about fifty yards distant. The place referred to looked to be a small piece of ground not more than an acre, with a thin strip of sea-cane completely encircling it. The inside of this strip had evidently been cut down.

"There is a haystack inside of that ring," he said, "and, if I am't mistaken, it belongs to the very pair of monsters we're looking for."

As he said this, he turned toward the spot and crept cautiously forward. I felt my heart bound as I thought of facing the ugly monsters. But I was silent, and put all trust in my friend—than whom a more skillful hunter I never knew. As he stepped to the edge of the sea-cane, he turned his head and gave me a signal to follow. He bent low to the ground and began to part the long cane with such care that he made scarcely any noise in his progress. Only a few yards had to be traveled thus when my friend parted the last cane that separated us from the open ground: then he halted, and I came up close behind him and looked over his head. Sure enough, as he had conjectured, in the middle of the open space was an alligator's nest, larger than we had ever seen.

"I do not see any one at home," I said, feeling somewhat relieved at not finding the beast staring at us.

"Just what I wanted," replied my companion. "If I had desired to have him out of his guardhouse I would have rattled this cane. But you see he is just where I want him; if I don't fool



WESTON'S WONDERFUL WALK.—SCENE IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE RACE.—SEE PAGE 390.

that pair of rascals, then I'll agree I know nothing about the critters."

Here he indulged in a low laugh. After he had finished his chuckle, he said:

"Did you ever hear me speak the swine language? Ah! then, that is where you've missed it. I tell you, old fellow, I can make the oldest hog in this jungle ashamed of his grunt."

"You do not mean to say that you are going to bring that monster out here, I hope?"

"Yes, this is the way it must be done. We must crawl very softly to the hole, and I want you to do some of your smartest crawling, for if we snap one of these canes that they've cut down and left here on the ground, they'll be on us in less than an instant. When we get there, I'll invite them out with a grunt. You'll see they will come out quietly, expecting to capture a mess of pork. When one of them puts his head above water, just shove that bit of lead that's in your rifle through his head. I'll attend to the other one."

"And if I should make a poor shot?"

"There is no 'if's in the job,' he said, "they don't fit in this kind of business. You must do it. Listen," he whispered, jerking off his hat and trying to look in the direction we had come.

"A bunch of hogs, most likely. I heard the cane breaking and the splashing of water at some distance."

"Trapped, by Jove!" he said. "Do you think that wild hogs would run on our trail like a pack of wolves? No, sir; we've got to do some genuine shooting. Here, my boy, remember there is no chance to run, only on this little cleared spot."

As he said this, we both stepped out on the ground mentioned. By this time the noise had become more distinct; we could plainly hear the rustle of waters, the rattle and breaking of cane as though it was made by a heavy fall in the hands of some person. It was an alligator's tail beating against the cane on each side of the little bayou as he rushed along his old familiar road, maddened by the scent of an enemy approaching his nest. On came our game, never and heard, until we could distinctly hear the hissing and whining sound that an alligator makes when he is maddened to the fighting-pitch.

"Suppose we get a little further from this gram," said my friend, in his usual quiet way, "so as to give him a chance to know where he is a-going to jump!"

As we made a few steps toward the centre of the opening, my friend gave me a poke in the ribs and said:

"You take care of that one," pointing toward the nest, "while I see about the fellow that's coming. Be quick! There is no time to lose; he will be at us in a moment."

I can never forget that day. There, close to the nest, standing with head and tail erect, with throat inflated twice its natural size—its mouth wide open, displaying a tremendous set of teeth—was the largest alligator I had ever seen on dry land, ready at any moment to dash in pieces or swallow me whole, as he thought fit. Raising my rifle to my shoulder, and taking as good a sight as possible under the circumstances, I pressed the trigger. The one that was in pursuit of us came crashing through the cane where we had just been standing.

Having no time to see what effect my bullet had made, I wheeled around. There stood my friend, looking through the sights of his rifle, with the giant of all alligators not more than five feet from the end of his gun. I saw the smoke and blaze rush into the monster's mouth. The report of the rifle was succeeded by the most unearthly sounds that ever human ears heard—something like the bellowing of a bull, but more like a choking sound, and loud enough to be heard for miles.

Being too close for safety, I turned to run. As I did so, to my dismay, I came near running into the jaws of the one I had shot, who was now coming with all his might to where the firing had taken place. Run, I had to, in some direction. Turning to the right, I set out at full speed. A very few seconds would have sufficed to take me to firm ground, when I heard my friend calling at the top of his voice:

"Come here! Run this way, or by Jove he'll catch you."

Making a circle to keep out of reach of my pursuer, I soon joined my companion, who was manœuvring around to keep his alligator between us and the one chasing me.

The alligator he had shot was still bellowing, turning over and over, and mauling the ground with his tail at a frightful rate. The one in pursuit of me, endeavoring, as I supposed, to make a clean cut with a tremendous crash against the other, which, being blinded with rage and gunpowder (having received the contents of my friend's rifle in his widespread mouth), not knowing, nor probably not caring, already to combat with anything which might come within his reach—making a desperate lunge, seized his mate by the forelegs close to the body with such a powerful grip that we plainly heard the bones smashing. This was rather unexpected by the other, who, making several desperate attempts to free himself, but without effect, buried his long teeth in his opponent's body.

Now the fight commenced in earnest, such fighting I have never seen before, though I have seen many kinds of animals fight. A bear-fight, or a bull and bear, is but a poor comparison. If either of the above-mentioned animals had been within reach of these combatants they would have got the breath knocked out of them the first round. Let the reader imagine these two monsters, each with their death-grip, lashing each other with blows that would break the ribs of an ox. Groaning, whining, bellowing, rolling over and over each other, with the blood flying from their mouths in great quantities there would be bits of earth sent flying through the air yards distant by a stroke of their tail.

During this terrible conflict we stood at a safe distance, I perfectly dumbfounded at the display of such strength and ferocity. George, who rarely ever said anything to wonder at, kept up a continual hurrah.

"Go for him, little one!" he shouted. "Loose your hold and pin him somewhar else! Hold your own, pid Knotty; the tide's falling, and if you'll let go your hold you'll get your throat cut another hold!"

After about thirty minutes the alligators nearly ceased to struggle; the largest one—the one my friend had shot—being nearly dead; the other wounded and exhausted.

George turned to me and said:

"S'pose we go and tear up the nest? By that time those chaps will be as docile as a lamb."

We found the nest to contain eighty-two eggs. These we broke. Then we returned to our alligators, who, by this time had become sullen, though still retaining their grasp on each other. We soon dispatched them with well-directed shots. When dead we measured them. These measurements were as follows: The one I shot was eighteen and a half feet in length, five feet around the largest part of the body; when its mouth was opened, two feet from the tip of its upper jaw to the lower one. The other one was twenty-three feet in length, eight feet in circumference, its mouth opened three feet.

Having no way of getting their hides to the boat, and being rather tough for our knives, we were compelled to leave them, as well as their teeth, which I, nevertheless, intend getting as soon as their bodies decay.

This may be a tough yarn for persons unacquainted with this country, but I have related facts as they were. Had I wished to have put an imaginary thing before the many readers of this paper, I would have got some one else to write it. If any one wishes an alligator tooth for their babies to teeth on, write to me, and I will send it. Remember, don't all write at once.

WESTON'S WONDERFUL WALK.

WHEN O'Leary carried away the coveted British trophy from the old country, and defeated the English pedestrians at their own game, every true American heart beat with joy, and a proud feeling spread throughout the land.

Sir John Astley, not being contented with the idea of seeing an American hold his world-famed belt, sent plucky little Rowell to this country, and after a determined struggle the belt was carried back to the land from which it came.

When Rowell left New York, not one man out of ten ever expected to see the belt brought back to this country, for it was well known that there were at least four men in England who could "whip" Rowell.

Needless to add, that when the joyful news that Weston was ahead reached this country, a thrill of hope ran throughout the land.

The bulletin boards were scanned by excited thousands. Rich and poor, bondholder and workman, artisan and tramp, elbowed each other in their eagerness to get near to the blackboard on which was to be inscribed the defeat or victory of America.

For six days two Continents were held in breathless suspense while watching the dreary plodding of two tired and footsore creatures; for six days, to any unfortunate spectator, the fate of a kingdom might have seemed to be in the balance.

The last contest for the now historical Astley belt was begun at Agricultural Hall, on Monday, the 16th of June, at 1 A. M.

John Ennis, of Chicago, Ill.; "Blower" Brown, of Yarnham Green, Eng.; E. Harding, of Blackwell, Eng.; and E. P. Weston, of Providence, R. I., were the contestants.

Rowell was to have competed in this match, but at the last moment it was announced that he had run a peg into his right heel, and was forced to withdraw and forfeit his stake-money.

At the beginning of the contest Brown was a great favorite, the odds of 6 to 4 being freely offered on the great pedestrian, who, in his previous match, had done his best time on record.

Weston was the least thought of by the bookmakers, the odds being 10 to 1 against him. Happy are the trusting few who took them. Ennis and Harding were not supposed to have much chance to save 5 to 1 being offered against the former, and 6 to 1 against the latter.

At three o'clock the same morning Harding had gone 16 miles 6¾ laps; Brown, 16 miles 4½ laps; Ennis, 15 miles 2¾ laps, and Weston 13 miles 5¾ laps, which latter seemingly clearly outpaced. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning matters had assumed a different aspect. Weston was leading Brown by a little over half a mile, while Harding was third and Ennis last.

The score-board contained these figures: Weston, 127 miles 3½ laps; Brown, 126 miles 6¾ laps; Harding, 89 miles, and Ennis, 79 miles 4 laps. Harding already was looking very queer, and Ennis had been seized with cramps. On Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, another change was chronicled; Brown being the leader, Weston second, Ennis third, and Harding fourth in the contest. The returns gave Brown 227 miles, Weston 226 miles, Ennis 140 miles, and Harding 109 miles.

By this showing it was easy to see that Brown was continually eclipsing the best of his previous performances, for in fifty hours in the last contest he engaged in, he had 225 miles 5 laps to his credit, making him by his last showing more than nine and a half miles off his best time.

Weston's splendid performance began to excite great admiration; and when it was known that during the next twenty-four hours Brown and Weston were within a few miles of each other, while Ennis and Harding had given up the race, the excitement became tremendous. It seemed as if the fate of both England and America depended upon the result of this international match.

The scores at three o'clock on Thursday morning gave Brown 316 miles, Weston 313 miles 1¾ laps, Ennis 180 miles 1 lap, and Harding 109 miles. Brown was still the favorite at 2 to 1.

During the next twenty-four hours Weston astonished the whole world. His splendid form, energetic bearing, lithe, active limbs, and bright, healthy eyes were a subject of wonder to all who beheld him.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday morning the American had worked up to his British opponent, and a few minutes later was leading him amid deafening cheers from the assembled multitude.

The point when Weston passed Brown was at 346 miles 2 laps. Blower Brown was troubled with a swelled knee, and on Thursday night a doctor ordered him to rest for five consecutive hours.

At three o'clock on Friday morning Weston led by twenty-six miles, and it seemed very unlikely that he would again be headed during the race; this lead was made even then, Weston: 390 miles: Brown, 364 miles.

The odds of 10 to 1 were now freely offered on the gallant American pedestrian, and Brown's backers began to look very blue.

On Saturday morning Weston was fifty-three miles ahead, as the following score will show: Weston, 473 miles; Brown, 420 miles.

Weston was still well and hearty, and his magnificent lead of fifty-three miles made it certain that he would carry back the belt in triumph to America. His rest during the last night was only 1h. 50min., and when he was called by his trainer he sprang to his feet as fresh as a rose.

At ten o'clock the returns showed him to be sixty-two miles ahead of Brown. The latter at this hour was feeling better, but was much cast down in spirit. He was forced to acknowledge that he was defeated by the man he feared the least at the beginning of the contest.

The journey had now extended 129 hours, and the figures were as follows:

	Miles.
Weston	497
Brown	430

During the previous day Sir John Astley had made a bet of $2,500 to $500 with Weston that the latter would not be able to cover 550 miles before the closing hour.

Weston rested between the hours of ten o'clock and noon, and while on the track kept up a wonderful pace, though his effort for the two hours was seven miles two laps only.

At noon on the last day of the contest the figures were as follows:

	Miles.
Weston	498
Brown	430

From two to four o'clock, Weston did some splendid walking. Nerved with the hope that the distance he sought to cover was within his grasp, he ran lap after lap at a pace that had never been seen in any country under the circumstances.

The result of the two hours' work was exactly ten miles, which gave Weston a magnificent lead of 71 miles 4 laps. At the expiration of 135 hours of the contest the score was as follows:

	Miles.	Laps.
Weston	515	8
Brown	440	4

Weston's splendid performance was making him immensely popular. Great and kindly anxiety was shown by some that he might break down, but his sure step and bright eyes showed that there was but little chance of his failing to pieces.

His muscles seemed to be made of steel and as elastic as India-rubber.

At six o'clock, or 137 hours from the start, the record gave Weston 76 miles 4 laps the best of the struggle. The following was the score:

	Miles.	Laps.
Weston	526	4
Brown	450	0

From six to eight o'clock the American reeled off the laps more like a machine than a man. At eight o'clock the returns show:

	Miles.	Laps.
Weston	539	0
Brown	463	0

The spectators were very enthusiastic and good-natured, and cheered the American repeatedly; indeed, the very best feeling was manifested on every hand.

When the music played, Weston walked the faster, and appeared to be as fresh as ever. His splendid condition is proved by some of his last miles. The 501st mile was reeled off in 7min. 39sec., the 526th mile was done in 7min. 37sec., and was the fastest during the match; the 536th was scored in 8min. 49sec., and the 540th in 7min. 09sec.

At 9:13 Weston beat Brown's best record—543 miles 2 laps, in 140h. 37min. 20sec.—that is to say, the best record in the world—with thirteen minutes to spare. Weston kept up a spanking pace, however, for he had no time to lose if he wished to make the 550 miles. There was but little anxiety, however, for it was clearly seen that Weston could perform the task with ease.

The closing moments of this astonishing walk approached. The last two miles (549th and 550th) were made in 11min. 24sec. and 11min. 21sec. As Weston passed his tent for the final lap, he was presented with the British and American flags, which he carried around the ring amid deafening cheers.

The band played first, "Yankee Doodle," and then, "Rule Britannia," and as he finished his 550 miles at 10h. 56min. 10sec., the band struck up "God save the Queen," and Weston marched to the entrance of the hall and took a cab home.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

OR,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XIV.

[Continued from page 378.]

"WHO are you, and why were you watching us?" he inquired.

The man looked much frightened.

Now, plainly seen, he proved to be one of those poor peasants, probably a Bourisk, who are frequently met with in Siberia. He made no answer.

Marina walked up to him and looked into his face. She put to him, in the Russian tongue, the same question Brian had asked him.

The man replied.

"This is a poor fellow who has a little house not far from here," she said to the boys. "Curiosity, nothing more, led him here. He saw our fire reflected upon his windows, and got up and ventured out to see where it came from."

She spoke again to the man.

"He says he will sell us something to eat," she remarked to her young companions.

"That is good," said Brian; "I am half starved."

The man, having been released from the grasp of the youth, led the way to his house.

It was a small dwelling, built of logs, and the interior had a rough board floor.

There were for furniture a rude bench, a table and a bed.

It was evident that the Bourisk lived here alone.

He pointed to the table, and sitting down by it, the three were soon helped to some coarse bread some cheese, and a little corn brandy, the latter of which they found acceptable as a sort of medicine after the hardships they had undergone.

So intent were they upon their meal that they paid no heed to the man.

When they had finished their repast Marina took out her purse to pay for their fare, when she was surprised to perceive that the Bourisk was gone!

"What can have become of him?" she cried.

Brian snatched the lamp from the table and held it up, thinking there must be some other apartment into which their host had withdrawn, but he could discover none.

They now called, but the man did not make his appearance.

"Perhaps he is outside," said Will.

He went to the door and found it fastened.

"Treachery!" he cried.

He and his friend endeavored in vain to force open the door.

It was very heavy, made of cedar, and strengthened with iron bands.

Again and again the boys beat at it, but they could make no impression upon it.

"The fellow has gone somewhere to inform against us," said Brian.

"Yes, I am afraid so," said Marina. "But it cannot matter, as I have my pass."

She felt in the bosom of her dress, where she usually kept the paper, but to her dismay she discovered that it was missing.

"I have lost it!" she cried. "It must have dropped out while I was aboard the wreck."

"Never mind," said Will. "We can doubtless find some way to get from this place."

He ran to the one window in the room.

But he could not open the shutters, which were firmly secured.

"The treacherous rascal!" he exclaimed. "He has even fastened the shutters."

The boys looked round them for some instrument with which they might force them open, but they could find nothing that would answer.

They looked at each other in despair.

"I will contrive a way to get out," said Brian, a sudden thought flashing on his mind. "We will burn down the door."

"Yes, there is no other way, and it will serve the villain right for his treachery," said Will.

There was some kindling-wood in a corner.

The boys piled this up near the door and set it on fire.

Meanwhile, Marina took out her purse.

"What are you going to do?" said Brian.

"To pay the man for our repast, and also for his door."

"The wretch deserves no pay!" said Will.

But Marina smiled.

"We are not sure of that, after all," she said. "The poor hind may have been frightened, and have adopted this means to get away from us."

"I think differently," said Will.

"And so do I," echoed Brian. "However, Marina has a right to do as she pleases."

"To tell the truth, I think it is treachery, too," said the young girl. "But I am not sure. At all events, whether it is or not, I feel as if I ought to pay the man for his food and his loss."

"She is an angel of goodness," whispered Brian to his friend.

Will smiled.

"It is the way of the women," he said. "As a rule, you will find them particular in these things."

"That reminds me," said Brian, laughing, "that we have never paid for the sheepskin suits we took from the hut near Obdorsk. However, we were in an enemy's country—at least, I was."

"Those suits were paid for," answered Will, quietly. "I left a couple of notes in the closet in exchange for them."

Marina had now deposited a few copecks upon the table.

"There," she said, drawing a breath of quiet satisfaction, "that will amply repay him for his loss, as well as for our repast."

The flames by this time were creeping up the woodwork of the door.

At last they had made sufficient impression on it to enable the boys to beat it open with the end of the bench, which they used for a battering-ram.

As they struck it down, the whole door fell broken and flaming to the ground.

They paused a moment to extinguish, with a bucket of water in the room, the other parts of the house near where the door had been, which had also taken fire.

Then they all ran out.

"Hark!" said Marina as they emerged into the open air.

The tramping sound of approaching hoofs was heard.

"There must have been a guard near here," remarked the young girl, "and the man knew that when he went away to betray us."

"Which way shall we go?" inquired Brian.

"We must not go far from here," said Marina, looking about her; "we will be more likely to escape in that manner than if we should try to run off."

They looked around them, but they could see no hiding-place.

"There is no time to lose," cried Brian. "I am afraid we are in a fix."

Marina considered a moment; then she pointed to a cedar, not ten yards off.

The branches of the tree, as could be seen in the glow of the fire they had made, commenced within a few feet of the ground.

"That tree will be easy to mount," said the girl.

"A good idea," said Brian. "I don't believe they will think to look up in the tree after us."

"First we must put out the fire," said Marina. "They might possibly happen to see us by the light."

Brian ran to the fire, and soon extinguished it by kicking the brands apart.

Then the three commenced to ascend the tree, Will going first, Brian next and Marina last.

The two boys, who had taken the precedence of their pretty companion in order that they might assist her, now reached down to help her up.

But she laughed lightly, and without taking hold of their hands, easily swung herself into the tree.

They mounted nearly to the top, where they paused.

"There! they cannot see us up here in the darkness," said Marina.

Not long after the horsemen arrived in front of the hut.

In the light thrown upon them from the lamp inside of the building, the watchers could perceive that the party consisted of six men, well mounted and armed.

Their cries of disappointment were heard as they looked to vain for the fugitives.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING.

HAVING discovered that the persons they were in search of had made their escape, the horsemen rode off in the direction which they judged the three had taken.

As the sound of their hoofs died away Brian spoke.

"Now, had we not better descend?"

"I think so," said Marina.

They were about to descend, when they were startled by the barking of a dog, which had come to the foot of the tree, and had probably discovered their presence.

They paused a moment and listened.

Approaching steps were heard.

Presently they could see half a dozen men approaching with torches, their betrayer at the head of the party.

Three of the men had clubs, and three were provided with guns.

"We will be discovered," said Brian. "That dog will show them where we are."

In fact, the dog still remained at the foot of the tree, barking and looking up, with its fore-paws on the trunk.

"If we could only get rid of the dog we would be safe enough, I think," said Will.

He descended the tree quickly.

The dog, still barking, was about to beat a retreat, when the boy caught it by the back of the neck and flung it into the rushing torrent.

The animal made a spring for the shore, but before it could reach it, it was borne away with the swiftness of lightning.

All this occupied but a few minutes.

The men were still too far off to see the boy in the darkness, and he was soon with his friends.

"Capital!" said Brian; "I would never have thought of that. Had the dog attacked you, it would not have been so easily done."

"The dogs up this way are all harmless creatures. The way they are tamed and made to draw sledges seems to take the spirit out of them. They are also often cowed by the wolves and bears in these parts."

At length the men with the torches reached the valley.

Here they paused and looked round them, apparently surprised at the disappearance of the dog, whose barking they had heard a few minutes before.

They did not think to look up into any of the trees.

After a brief consultation, they all entered the house near the valley.

The fugitives then descended from the tree, and, thankful for their narrow escape, kept on their journey.

Soon after midnight, thoroughly worn out, they paused near a pile of rocks, and there found a resting-place.

"How far do you think we are from the coast, now?" inquired Brian of the young girl.

"We are nearer than I thought," she said.

"How do you know?"

Marina bade him follow her.

She led the way to the top of an elevation, from which she pointed out to him a red light far in the distance.

Brian, looking at it intently, perceived that it had an oscillating motion, by which he knew that it came from a vessel out at sea.

"That is good; I am glad to see that," he said. "Only I am afraid the light may come from an enemy's vessel."

"We shall see in the daytime," answered Marina.

They descended from the elevation.

Soon after the three were buried in a deep slumber, Marina having found a hollow a few yards from the one occupied by the boys.

Their slumber was undisturbed.

In a few hours they awoke, to find the sunlight making its way to them through crevices in the rock.

All were soon up.

"We have nothing for breakfast," said Will, dolefully.

"Nor have we arms with which to shoot game," remarked Brian.

"We cannot be a great way from the seacoast, now," said Marina. "Once there, we can find mussels on the beach."

Will, who had never liked these, now felt as if he could eat a hundred.

The trio mounted the rock and looked around them.

In the distance they could see the line of the seacoast, with the water stretching beyond.

Here and there, between them and the shore, were huts, and not far off they beheld a small village.

"We must go a roundabout way," said Marina, "so as to keep clear of the houses."

They started, but they had not proceeded a mile when, as they were passing through a pine woods, they heard the sound of approaching wheels.

They concealed themselves behind a low bank, partially covered with dry bushes, through which they could obtain a view of the road along which the carriage was coming.

The vehicle soon came in sight.

It was a tarantass, containing three persons.

Both Brian and Will uttered an exclamation on seeing it.

The occupants of the carriage were Mr. Lofski and Minnie, besides the Cossack driver, a tall man, armed with a pistol and a knife.

The young girl looked pale and excited, and her eyes showed that she had been weeping.

"We must stop the carriage," cried Will; "we must rescue the girl."

"But we are unarmed," said Brian.

"Never mind that. I will save her if I die for it," cried Will.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Brian, as his friend was about to spring forth.

He pointed as he spoke toward one of the small trees, which the late gale had blown down across the road.

"They will have to stop to remove that," he added, "and that will give us a chance to do something."

"We must be ready," said Will.

A minute later the carriage stopped.

The Cossack sprang from his place, and going to the tree, took hold of it to move it.

He had raised it and carried it to the side of the road, when Will sprang upon him, and snatching his pistol from his belt, cocked it and pointed it at his head.

At the same moment Brian, with an agile bound, got into the tarantass.

Mr. Lofski made a blow at him with the butt of a pistol which he had drawn, but which he had not had the time to cock.

Brian easily avoided the blow and disarmed his opponent.

Meanwhile Will kept the Cossack driver at bay with the weapon he had taken from him.

"Oh, Brian!" cried Minnie, "this is most unexpected."

"Ho, there! ho! Help, help!" roared Lofski, as Brian held him down.

"You call in vain," said the youth; "but you need not be afraid, for I do not mean to hurt you."

Marina ran to the side of the carriage and seized Minnie's hands.

"You here, too!" cried the young girl. "Oh, I am so glad to see you again!"

"You will oblige me by stepping out of the carriage," said Brian to Lofski.

"Never! I will not surrender my property to a rascally robber!"

"Very well, then, I will have to put you out!" cried Brian.

Lofski clung frantically to the edge of the tarantass, but at last Brian succeeded in getting him away from it.

Will, still pointing his weapon at the Cossack, and bidding him remain where he was, had backed up to the vehicle, into which he now sprang.

Marina entering it at the same moment, Brian seized the reins and endeavored to turn the horses around.

But both the Cossack and Mr. Lofski sprang at their heads and held them.

"Let go of them, or I'll fire!" shouted Will, leveling his pistol at the Cossack, while Brian pointed his at Lofski.

"Don't let go, you fool!" cried the latter to his driver. "They can't hit us, as we are sheltered by the horses' heads."

But the Cossack seemed to think differently.

He sprang to one side with no clumsy a movement that he stumbled, and finding himself about to pitch headforemost into a small ditch by the side of the road, he caught hold of Lofski to save himself.

The consequence was, that the horses, rearing just then, he drew his master with him, and both rolled into the ditch.

In a moment Brian had turned the heads of the animals, and away they went, leaving the discomfited Cossack and his companion far behind.

"We will soon reach the coast now," said Brian, laughing.

"And you will be at last rescued from that tyrant!" said Will, looking earnestly at Minnie.

"Yes," she said, "I hope so. But it all seems like a dream. How did it happen that you were on the road just as we were passing?"

Will soon explained.

"Noble girl," said Minnie, when he had concluded, embracing Marina as she spoke, "I have then to thank you for bringing this about."

Brian looked at her keenly, and perhaps a little severely.

"We have yet to learn," said he, "why you did not fulfill your promise to us, but, instead of that, went off with the Russian officer! I would not have believed from you that my sister could have done anything so——"

"Hold!" interrupted Minnie, the tears rising to her eyes, as she encountered the sad gaze of her brother's chum. "You will not condemn me when you hear my story."

A flush of joy swept over Will's face.

Minnie noticed it, and there was a look of tenderness in her eyes as she went on:

"I had agreed to be at the appointed place, where Marina was to meet me and where the horses were to be in readiness.

"But on the night before, Peter Lofski came to me and said:

"'It is no use. I understand the game you are about to play. I have had spies to watch you, and I know that you have planned to leave me, so as to avoid the marriage!'

"Imagine my feelings, on thus learning that he was aware of my plans!

"He gave me no chance to reply, but went away from me.

"My uncle came to me soon after, and told me I was to go up to my room.

"I went, and he locked the door upon me.

"Pursuit was to no avail, however, I had contrived to see Vosk, and to let him know that I was in trouble.

"But before I could make any sort of explanation, other than to inform him that I wanted to avoid becoming the wife of Peter, my uncle sought me out, and, bringing me down to his side, peremptorily ordered me to go to my apartment, as I have already said.

"Knowing that it were useless to try to resist this mandate, I obeyed.

"After the door was locked, I felt a sinking feeling that completely unnerved me.

"It seemed to me now that the hated wedding must take place, that there was no prospect of my escaping.

"In my despair I paced to and fro, feeling as if I would go crazy.

"The long hours wore on. Just before daylight I heard a tapping at my window.

"I walked to it, and in the dim light beheld Captain Vosk.

"The window was but eleven feet from the ground, and he had climbed to it by means of a rope, at one end of which was a hook.

"This hook he had thrown up so that it had caught in a small ring in the woodwork near the window-sill, which was used to hold one end of a clothes-line.

"'Come,' said he, 'there is not a moment to lose. Some of the people are already stirring.'

"'But we have no horses,' said I.

"'Yes, I have two ready. I met a boy leading them, and I asked him who they were for. He told me they were for you. I said it was all right—that I would take the animals to you.'

"Then," continued Minnie, "I knew that those were the horses I was ordered to be sent to the place where I was to meet Marina, and my brother and his friend. I had two of my own in the inclosed grounds, and I had meant to take them out also. Now, however, it would have been too late for that. Soldiers were in the house would have heard me.

"I perceived at once that I must give up all hope of fulfilling the promise I had made.

"I believed, however, that I could escape a wedding with Peter, and this, at least, was some consolation.

"I got out of the window, and was helped by Vosk to the ground.

"The horses were not far off, and we were soon mounted.

"It then occurred to me to take a route different from the one upon which I had intended to proceed with my brother.

"The pursuit would follow in this direction, and I thought that, after drawing Peter and his father after me on that route, I could turn, take another course, and get back alone to the neighborhood of Nerchinsk under cover of night. Then I could see Marina, and mature another plan for the benefit of those I was so anxious to rescue.

"Fate, however, would ordain it otherwise. Vosk and I rode hard, and we were finally far away from Nerchinsk.

"At last we arrived on the bank of the Amoor River, at a place near which was anchored the schooner on which Vosk had come from his schooner, which was at Nicolayevsk. I was taken aboard this vessel, where I found Vosk's sister, who is one of my dearest friends.

"Having sent me on board, Vosk left me and set out again toward a distant village, where he was to direct one of the officers of the navy who had taken up his quarters there. After that he was to be back to the Amoor to go aboard his craft, which was to return for him.

"The vessel sailed, but I did not go all the way to Nicolayevsk. I persuaded the captain to land me at a little town near the shore, where I intended to wait for the snow-shoes to subside ere starting on my way back to Nerchinsk.

"The morning early, before daybreak, I had made preparations to start, when, to my surprise and dismay, my uncle appeared before me with his tarantass fast as I was about to mount my horse.

"The directions from persons who had seen me in the town, as well as from others whom he had met on the road, had led him to this place.

"In spite of all my entreaties, he forced me to enter the tarantass, and having harnessed my horse to the others, he set out with me on the way back to Nerchinsk.

"Fortunately, you and your friend," she added, turning to her brother, "have balked him and saved me from a most detestable marriage."

"I am glad of this," said Brian, grasping Minnie's hand. "Do you know what Will and I had supposed?"

"No," said Minnie, "except that I had deceived you. I dare say you thought that."

"Yes, and that you had eloped with Captain Vosk!"

Minnie gazed reproachfully at the speaker a moment; then she burst into a ringing laugh.

"I had not thought you could think so badly of me," she said to Brian, but she looked at Will as she spoke.

"Favorably or unfavorably for him?" persisted Brian.

"Upon my word," said Minnie, "I don't think you have a right to question me so closely. It is more than probable that, had the answer been favorable, I would not be here at the present moment."

"Then you did not consent to ever become his wife?" said Will.

"No," answered Minnie, and the long lashes drooped as she encountered a bright, joyful glance from Will.

Then she suddenly changed the subject.

"Are we going right, Marina?" she inquired, turning to the young girl. "You know the country better than I do."

"We will reach the seacoast in less than an hour," answered Marina. "But this road will carry us too near the houses and villages of the people. I think we had better turn off in that direction," and she pointed to another road.

Brian directed the horses upon this route.

In the course of an hour they came in sight of the beach.

When they reached the shore, the party got out of the carriage.

"If we could only see an American or English vessel now, our troubles would be at an end," said Brian.

Will scanned the broad expanse of water, but he saw no sign of a sail.

Away off toward the horizon, however, there was a thick mist, which might conceal one.

Remembering the light he had seen on the previous night, Brian watched the mist, hoping it would soon clear.

Not far off, tied to a rock, there was a small boat.

"Will cannot be far from a house, judging by that," said Minnie, pointing to the boat.

"No," said Brian; "and if we should happen to be pursued, that boat would be of service to us."

"Yes, we could take it," said Minnie, "and I could leave money enough to pay for it," said Marina.

She had scarcely spoken when the tramp of horses' hoofs and of shouts were heard in the distance.

On a rising piece of ground appeared a party of horsemen—Cossacks, Bouriaks and others, with Mr. Lofski and Peter at their head.

Minnie darted toward the carriage.

"No, not that way," said Brian; "we must take to the boat! That will be better than the carriage."

Will sprang to the boat and unfastened the rope that held it to the rock, then he assisted Minnie and Marina into it.

The latter, as Brian was shoving off, laid a piece of gold upon the rock to pay for the boat.

"It may be snapped up by some of those fellows coming after us," said Brian.

"I think not," said Marina. "See, there is a man now running this way from that hut in the distance. He is probably the owner of the boat, and he will see the money before any of the others."

Shouting and gesticulating, Lofski and his party came on.

Brian and Will had seized the oars, and were now pulling with might and main.

The owner of the boat was the first to reach the rock to which his craft had been tied. He saw the money, picked it up, and gave a yell of joy, for it more than paid him for his craft.

[To be continued.]

"Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia" was commenced in No. 688.

TOPSY-TURVY;

Or, The Boy Explorer,

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPRECHLESS SIX," "THE BOY WAIFS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A RIVER IN THE SEA.

THE *Admiral* was flung out upon the sea from the mouth of the Rio Grande as though from the waves of a cataract.

The darkness was impenetrable, and between that and the terrific speed it was impossible to gain an idea of the surroundings, or even to compass the remotest conception of the course of the boat.

It was held by Captain Wortendyke, keeping a straight helm, and trusting in Providence. It seemed as though hours were passing, and there was no possible means for telling the true lapse of time, since all but the steersmen were shut tight within the cabin, and there was no means of communication.

The water in the river had been smooth, though terribly swift. Fortunately, the river itself, for the last few miles of its course, is free from rocks and shallows, and even had this not been the case, the tremendous influx of water actually made the depth enormous.

A little while after leaving the mouth of the river the atmosphere, which had been filled with a dense, black cloud of smoke, began gradually to clear.

One by one an occasional star appeared, and presently the blue sky, and the distance lightened up so that the smoke-cloud could be seen hanging low down astern of the boat.

The tremendous speed still continued. But as it grew lighter the door of the cabin was unfastened, and the lieutenant looked out, and perceiving that it was comparatively quiet and possible to stand upon the deck, he presently emerged from within, followed by the others.

The captain now stretched himself out of his awkward position, and relieved his arms a little of the tension which had been, until now, put upon them in the strain of steering.

Feeling his way along the deck, Lieutenant De Vergne approached the captain and placed his hand upon his shoulder. His voice was hoarse and unsteady as he said:

"You are still alive and unhurt?"

"Perfectly alive, and, so far as I know, unhurt, except that my muscles are a little strained," and here the captain roused himself, and finding the steering came easier to his hands, released one of them and proceeded to unloose the bonds which held him to the ringbolt in the deck.

By this time the others had scrambled along toward the stern, and were now grouped about the captain and lieutenant, and looked out upon the sea. The silence was profound, except that the action of the swift current could be heard sounding very different from the ordinary wash of the ocean.

"Have you any idea how fast we are going?" said the doctor, at last.

"Not the least," replied Captain Wortendyke. "My head has been in such a whirl since this catastrophe occurred that I have lost all idea of time and motion, so far as being able to measure either of them is concerned."

"Can you account for this phenomenon in any way?" asked the lieutenant. "You have had a better opportunity of judging its character than we, since you have been outside during its whole continuance."

"Well," returned the captain, after a moment, "I imagine by some cause the gates at the other end of the canal must have been broken through, permitting the water to rush in from the Caribbean Sea before our friends on the other side were quite ready."

"But," continued the lieutenant, "what do you suppose to have been the occasion of the tremendous explosion which we witnessed?"

"That," said the captain, "is a mystery. There may have been some mine left in the tunnel unexploded, which accidentally blew up; but how that should have caused the breaking through of the gates at the eastern end of the canal is more than I can fathom. But what do you think of it?" he added, appealing to the lieutenant.

"I am impressed," said the latter, "with the idea that this explosion must have been the result of some internal convulsion—a submarine volcanic eruption, possibly."

"That is a good idea," said the doctor; "and the convulsion might be accounted for on natural grounds through artificial means."

"How so?" asked Lieutenant De Vergne.

"Why, the allusion to the mines in the tunnel makes me think that possibly the blasting which has been going on there in the operation of making the tunnel may have caused, or at least induced, the internal disturbance or convulsion which undoubtedly has occurred."

Here, to the surprise of all, Sam broke in with a loud cry. The group had been sitting about on the deck with their faces toward the stern. A chance turn of the head had given the boy a sight which had astonished him enough to cause this outburst.

"What is it, Sam?" cried the captain.

"Look there," he said, the boy pointed astern, his hand and arm being dimly seen in the starlight.

All turned, and silence fell upon them as with a shock, so startling was the scene exposed to their gaze. Far in the distance—so far that it seemed incredible they could have left such a space behind them in the brief time which they knew must have elapsed—there rose high into the air, as though from a caldron, vast masses of flame and smoke, while for the caldron itself could be seen, quite low down upon the shore, a cone-shaped eminence, whose mouth was evidently the crater of a newly-formed volcano.

Down the sides of this cone could be seen streams of molten lava, pouring rapidly, as it appeared, into the sea. Great clouds of steam arose, while horrid flames, and huge masses of rock were flung high into the air with a tremendous noise like that of artillery.

In fact, it was evident, from the sounds that were now plainly heard, that the entire volcano might have been in its condition but a brief period before, must have but just now opened and burst forth in its present state, since till now nothing like it had been heard by the passengers on board the *Admiral*.

Meanwhile the distance between the shore and the boat was rapidly widening, the speed of the current which carried it along seeming rather to increase than to lessen.

After gazing for a while upon the splendid but terrible illumination afforded by the volcanic eruption, the silence of the party was broken by the doctor, who, rising from his recumbent position, said:

"I am curious to know about how fast we are going, Captain, where do you keep your log-line?"

"You will find it," answered the captain, "in the drawer over the first bunk at the left of the door as you go into the cabin."

The doctor followed instructions, went to the cabin, and presently returned, bearing that which he sought in his hands.

"I will take my trick at the wheel," he said to the captain, "and give you an opportunity to stretch yourself, and at the same time to heave the log, which is something more in your way than mine."

The exchange was soon made, after a few directions from Captain Wortendyke as to keeping the boat's head with the current—able, in fact, being all in the way of navigation that was necessary, or that could be effected.

The captain heaved the log, the lieutenant holding his watch, while Sam threw sufficient light upon the subject from a lantern which he had procured and lighted for the purpose.

"Time!" cried the lieutenant, presently, and Captain Wortendyke hauled in the line, counting the knots as they slipped through his fingers. The simple calculation necessary showed that the *Admiral* was sailing at a speed of eighteen knots, or miles, to the hour.

A prolonged murmur of astonishment followed the announcement of the tremendous speed at which the boat was running.

"Eighteen knots?" said the lieutenant; "at this rate it will not take long to reach China."

"No," remarked the captain; "or, at least, it would not if we were headed that way."

"Why, how do you think we are heading?" said the doctor.

"As near as I can guess," replied the captain, "and, of course, it is only guess-work, we must be headed northwest, with a considerable northing; but we can easily settle that," he added, and taking the lantern from Sam, he went into the cabin, reappearing in a few moments with a compass, which he presently swung neatly into a binnacle which was set between the cabin-door and the helm. After adjusting this, and looking at it for a moment, he said: "N.W. by N. is the course of the boat."

"About where will that bring us?" asked the doctor.

"In the vicinity of the Japan Islands," replied Captain Wortendyke, "and," he added, "if we go on at this rate we shall reach there in about eight days' time."

"But certainly," said De Vergne, "this current, whatever it is, is not going to last for ever, and we can scarcely expect to be carried four thousand miles, more or less, through the Pacific Ocean at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour?"

"Really," said the captain, "I do not see why; for this current, if it be what I suspect, has speed enough, and volume enough, to carry us around the world, for that matter; besides which, I am inclined to think that by the time we reach the coast of Japan, or thereabouts, the current will have received an accession both of speed and volume."

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor.

"What do you think that this current is?"

The captain said nothing for a moment; then turning toward Lieutenant De Vergne, he asked:

"Lieutenant, have you any objection to stating what first led you to the train of thought which resulted in your bringing us all on board the *Admiral* to-night?"

"Not the slightest objection," responded De Vergne. "There were several causes for my action. In the first place, perhaps I might say that I had an instinctive premonition, or presentiment, that something out of the way and uncommon was going to happen. This, I know, will seem to you to be childish, yet it was so, and more than anything else made me act as I did; but unsupported, I scarcely think it would have possessed so much influence. You remember," to the doctor, "the strange rumbling which we heard in the afternoon?"

The doctor remembered. That a similar noise, accompanied by a trembling of the earth, was experienced later on in the evening.

This proposition was silently acceded to by the others.

"Now," continued De Vergne, "recall to mind the remark of the officer who brought the party up from below this evening, with reference to a precisely similar occurrence having been noticed at the eastern end of the canal, and attributed to a Spanish man-of-war practicing outside the harbor."

The incident was distinctly recalled by Doctor Beaumont and the captain.

The lieutenant then added:

"The idea which had been gradually forming in my mind as to the occurrences which I have mentioned, and of which you were witnesses, was the same which was suggested by the very interesting lecture upon ocean currents by Captain Wortendyke, to which we listened with so much satisfaction this evening, that idea being nothing more nor less than the possibility of——"

Here an ejaculation on the part of Sam interrupted the speaker, and drew general attention in his direction.

"What ails the boy?" cried Captain Wortendyke.

"There! see! see!" continued to exclaim Sam, pointing in the direction whence they had come.

It was by this time approaching daybreak. A low, gray streak of dawn brightened the eastern horizon, and it was quite possible to distinguish objects upon the waters at a considerable distance.

Turning to look in the direction toward which Sam pointed, all could see that the water was being strangely disturbed at a point apparently not more than a hundred yards astern of the boat. There the waves boiled up vehemently, and amidst the foam and turmoil could be plainly discerned a dark object, apparently of enormous size, which appeared to be moving with the swift current that carried the *Admiral* so rapidly along.

"It must be a whale," said the doctor.

"Too far north for that," observed the captain; "but it certainly does look like some sort of a fish."

At this moment the dark object reared high in the air, seemingly to an extent of twenty feet, at the least, and then dropped with a sudden plunge below the surface again.

For a few moments the water where the object had sunk out of view was broken into confused waves; gradually these softened into ripples, and then the surface resumed its character of a swift-flowing current, and nothing more could be seen of the cause of its disturbance.

"What do you suppose that was, Victor?" asked the doctor.

"I am at a loss to imagine," replied De Vergne. "It may have been simply a mass of seaweed thrown up from beneath the surface by some submarine action that may still be going on."

"Oh, I am quite sure it was alive," cried Sam, earnestly.

"I am rather of the boy's opinion," said Captain Wortendyke. "But see, there it is again."

And, in fact, at this moment the same appearance occurred, this time on the starboard side of the boat, and at about the same distance from it, but almost abreast.

TOPSY-TURVY.—"TURNING TO LOOK IN THE DIRECTION TOWARD WHICH SAM POINTED, ALL COULD SEE THAT THE WATER WAS BEING STRANGELY DISTURBED AT A POINT APPARENTLY NOT MORE THAN A HUNDRED YARDS ASTERN."—SEE PAGE 391.

And now the water at the surface could be seen in commotion for as much as thirty yards in extent. The waves were apparently beaten into a froth by the passage of some huge body, one end of which was raised and lowered at intervals, presenting the appearance of a shapeless mass, larger than a hogshead, and which seemed to be pushed upward by some force excited from below.

It was now growing light rapidly, and the attention of all on board the *Admiral* was fixed upon the surprising incident going on before their eyes.

We have said nothing of Pierre Fiamant since the departure of the *Admiral* from her moorings in the Rio Grande.

Pierre had indeed been so terribly scared by the occurrence of the night that he had had nothing to say for himself. He had remained silent and quaking, seated on the floor in one corner of the cabin during the unruly passage of the boat down the river; and even when the door was opened, and the others had joined the captain, he still remained secluded. But as the day dawned he had mustered courage to make his appearance on deck, and had been a silent and startled witness of the curious phenomenon we have described.

If any one had been watching the play of Pierre's features during this time, he would have seen changes going on in the stolid countenance of the Alsatian, which would have doubtless awakened curiosity.

There was wonder, then alarm, then an effort at remembrance. Presently there seemed to be forming in the mind of the Frenchman some image of a past experience.

After the disappearance and the subsidence of the rough water, Pierre stood ruminating. When the captain announced the reappearance of the cause of the disturbance, he gazed eagerly in the new direction of its coming.

Suddenly he clapped one hand to his forehead, and ran along the deck to the group about the tiller, crying out:

"I have it! I have it!"

"What have you, Pierre?" said the lieutenant, startled at his unexpected appearance and noisy outcry.

"I know it. I saw one once before."

"Well, what is it?" shouted the doctor. "In heaven's name, man, speak!"

"It's a sea-serpent! a sea-serpent!"

And Pierre jumped about the deck in an agony of fear, tempered, however, with an honest pride at his discovery.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "I am not sure but Pierre's right."

"Nonsense, man," said the doctor, laughing outright. "Can you believe in the silly stories about sea-serpents?"

"I can believe my eyes," replied De Vergne; and he pointed in the direction of the moving object.

Its appearance was now, indeed, frightful.

It was within a hundred yards of the boat, which, for the first time during the voyage, rocked from side to side, tossed about by the tumultuous movements of this gigantic creature.

As the day grew lighter, its form, and particularly that of its monstrous head, could be plainly made out.

It was clearly of the serpent kind, having a body which undulated above and beneath the water in huge rolls to a length of at least a hundred feet.

The undulations seemed to begin at the tail, and as they reached the head the latter was reared high in the air.

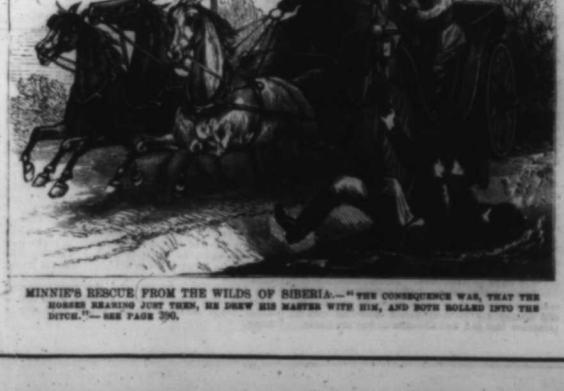
It had the formation of an eel's head, with masses of skin hanging in folds near the neck, giving the appearance of a mane. The head itself seemed to be six feet in length.

All on board were now terribly alarmed, for it seemed as though the creature perceived the boat and intended to attack it. But to the surprise of the frightened spectators, whenever it reached a certain point on the water, it lashed the sea with renewed fury, and immediately retired.

This occurred several times, until it almost appeared as if there were some actual material obstacle to its further progress in the direction of the boat.

After about ten minutes of this apparent battling with some imperceptible foe, the serpent sunk suddenly out of sight and was seen no more.

For a long time the party continued to discuss this astonishing appearance and its perfectly inexplicable features. And in the interest aroused by the occurrence and the discussion it provoked, the explanation of the lieutenant of the cause of his conduct in ordering his companions on board the *Admiral* on the previous night was entirely forgotten, and the "idea" which he was about to define when interrupted by Sam's exclamation on seeing the serpent was accordingly lost to the world.



MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.—"THE CONSEQUENCE WAS, THAT THE HORSES REARING JUST THEN, HE DREW HIS MASTER WITH HIM, AND BOTH ROLLED INTO THE DITCH."—SEE PAGE 390.

CHAPTER V.

A DISCOVERY AND AN EXPLANATION.

WHEN morning had fully dawned, and the sun began to rise high in the heavens, the passengers on board the *Admiral* found their attention involuntarily drawn to the remarkable increase of temperature over even what they had been accustomed to on the Isthmus. One after the other, Doctor Beaumont, the lieutenant and the captain, found it necessary to divest themselves of their outer clothing, although this was light and thin, as is customary in the tropics. Curiously enough, despite the speed at which they traveled, and which, if anything, seemed to increase with the passage of time, there was little or no air stirring, and the heat soon grew to be intense—so much so as to become a subject of remark among those who were thus unexpectedly exposed to its influence.

"Upon my word," said De Vergne, at last, after he had tried for a considerable time to find a shady side to something where he might repose and experience some relief from the sun's rays—"upon my word I cannot understand why the heat should increase as we go northward."

"I suggest," said the captain, who now had the helm again, "that instead of undertaking to solve that problem at present, we try to arrange something to increase our comfort."

"A happy thought," said the doctor; "but how shall we set about it?"

Captain Wortendyke, however, was equal to all emergencies with his wonderful vessel. Surrendering the helm to Sam, for the time being, he dived into the cabin, and lifting the trap-door, soon brought from the hold a roll of canvas. Another dive resulted in obtaining four poles of hard wood, each about eight feet in length. A rope was next obtained, and the captain, assisted by the rest, soon succeeded in raising an awning over the stern of the boat, an arrangement which speedily changed the temperature, at least so far as that part of the boat was concerned.

An examination of the thermometer presently disclosed a heat, even beneath this shade, of more than one hundred and ten degrees.

All now seated themselves on camp-stools, becoming as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and the time seeming propitious, the lieutenant again propounded his query as to the occasion of the increased, and apparently increasing heat, despite the fact of the northerly direction in which they were sailing.

"Well," said the doctor, after pondering a moment upon the question, "as for me, I am inclined to attribute it to the influence of the volcanic eruption."

"That," said the captain, "would scarcely be possible," and he pointed in the apparent direction whence they had come, where now there was no evidence of land, even, nor anything to mark the existence or effect of the eruption in question. "We are by this time," he continued, "at least one hundred and fifty miles from shore—too far, I am confident, for any heat generated by such a cause to exercise an influence. We must try some other reason."

"What do you think of it, captain?" asked the doctor.

The former, thus appealed to, looked about in all directions, as if searching for a clue, and finally turned his gaze over the side of the boat upon the water.

The lieutenant laughed, saying:

"I can guess his thoughts from his actions."

"Indeed?" said Doctor Beaumont; "what do you guess them to be?"

"Why," responded Lieutenant De Vergne, "he looks at the water, and, unless I very much mistake, he thinks the water is the cause of the increased heat."

It was the captain's turn to laugh now, and he did, heartily.

"You have just guessed it, lieutenant," he said; "for my part, I believe we owe this exceptional temperature to no other cause than this," and leaning over the side to dabble his fingers in the swift-flowing current, he withdrew them, however, suddenly, while an expression of anguish passed over his countenance, and he gave a prolonged howl, as if in pain, starting up at the same time and shaking his hand wildly in the air.

The others rose, astonished, not understanding for a moment what could have caused this excitement.

"What is it?" said one. "What is the matter?" cried the other.

For answer the captain held his hand out before them, which was apparently scalded to such an extent that the skin was wrinkled and almost seemed ready to separate.

"The water is boiling!" cried the captain.

This was startling intelligence, indeed. However, the first consideration must be for the wounded hand, and Pierre was called from the caboose, where he was busy preparing breakfast, to open the doctor's valise and get out linen, salve, and other necessary materials, to relieve it. The scalded member was soon bound up, and though the pain had been acute at the first moment, the captain had withdrawn his hand so quickly from the water that no serious result followed.

"But, good heavens!" said the doctor, after he had concluded his surgical operation, "what a remarkable state of things! Suppose that one of us should fall in?"

"Or there should come a storm and the boat should be shipwrecked," said Sam.

The others laughed at the idea of the boat being

shipwrecked? and the matter being thus withdrawn from serious consideration for a moment, various suggestions were made as to the propriety of utilizing this novel condition.

Pierre was advised to apply it to culinary services, and a proposition to boil eggs would have been immediately acceded to by that individual had the eggs themselves been forthcoming.

One experiment, however, was immediately tried by Lieutenant De Vergne, which was to suspend the thermometer by a string and let it trail through the water for a moment, when, on being withdrawn, it was found to mark one hundred and fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit. All looked rather serious again at this disclosure, since immersion in water at that temperature would certainly not be agreeable.

A new question was now propounded by Captain Wortendyke, this being as to the origin of the boiling water. Hitherto, naturally enough, all had surmised that the rapid current on which they were being borne across the Pacific was nothing more nor less than the waters of the Caribbean Sea, which must have broken through the gates at the mouth of the canal at Navy Bay; but under the newly-discovered condition of things it was necessary to discover another solution of this question.

Pending this the party repaired to breakfast, which Pierre had by this time arranged upon the swinging table within the cabin. The cabin, by-the-way, having been constructed for tropical river navigation, was so arranged that almost the entire ends and sides could be removed, leaving the roof supported by a slight but stanch framework of tough wood, exactly calculated for this purpose. Sam being left to take charge of the helm, the others seated themselves about the table, finding it rather more comfortable even than under the awning.

A bountiful repast was laid before them, Captain Wortendyke having disclosed to Pierre Flamant the whereabouts of his various articles of food, and particularly of some of the choicer luxuries and tidbits with which he was provided.

"There is no danger of our starving to death, at any rate," said De Vergne, as he took the head of the table.

"No, nor of our dying of thirst," added the doctor, and he prepared to open a bottle of Sauterne which stood within his reach.

"If one might be permitted to wish for anything," remarked Captain Wortendyke, "it would be for a piece of ice."

The others laughed rather gloomily at this suggestion.

"But," continued the captain, "it cannot be possible, surely, that this sort of thing is going to continue; we must before long get into a part of the world where our hot-water current will have to cool down in spite of itself.

"That depends," said De Vergne, "upon the resources of its source. If this current is supplied from the interior of the earth, which is not impossible, it is difficult to say when it will be exhausted. A good idea," he continued, "would be to keep an hourly register of the thermometer, both as to the temperature of the water and that of the air."

This was voted to be a good suggestion, and Lieutenant De Vergne was requested to take charge of that duty. The breakfast, at which the three gentlemen were assisting, consisted chiefly of canned articles, but of these in such a variety as to supply a meal which would have satisfied any gormand. Here was fresh salmon, broiled, with green peas, a tenderloin of steak with mushrooms, small and dainty crabs, preserved fruits, Saratoga potatoes, and most excellent coffee.

Pierre was a capital cook, and finding himself with a larder so amply and judiciously supplied, his efforts proved artistic in the extreme. After breakfast was over, he signalized himself by placing the various dishes which had been engulfed in a wicker basket, into which he poured the hot water which he obtained from beside the boat, and thus washed his dishes with very little trouble.

Cigars were now produced, and the party were presently seated about the deck, Captain Wortendyke looking after the helm, while Sam and Pierre indulged in a hearty meal.

"By-the-way," said the captain, presently, "there is one thing I cannot account for."

"What is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, how was it possible for that monster seaserpent to stand this boiling water?"

"That is a poser, to be sure," said De Vergne. "However, you remarked, he got out of it as soon as possible."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and was evidently very much disturbed while in it."

"And," added De Vergne, "now I think of it, why might not it have been the sudden rush of boiling water which stirred up the monster and brought him to the surface?"

"Truly," observed the doctor, "it is a legitimate supposition; and after all, while doubtless annoyed, there is no reason why his snakeship should have been seriously injured by his surroundings. He was apparently covered with scales, and indeed, had the general appearance, so far as his outer integument was concerned, of being clad in a skin like that of an alligator, or even perhaps a rhinoceros."

The lieutenant now rose and proceeded to test the heat of the water, in order to keep the record which had been decided upon. The experiment showed an increase of two degrees, the thermometer marking one hundred and fifty-seven degrees. All looked rather blank at this, particularly as the atmosphere showed a temperature of one hundred and three degrees.

"By Jove!" said the captain, "if this goes on we shall presently get parboiled. I wonder if there will be any use in trying to get out of it; I think I will experiment a little."

He accordingly shifted his helm, heading the boat some three or four points to the northward.

The current was not changed, and she steered off in the direction desired; she ran this way for a few moments only, when the doctor, who was looking over the side of the boat, observed a change in the color of the water; the current on which they had been floating was of a sombre brown hue, but now all looked rather blank at this, particularly as the atmosphere showed a temperature of one hundred and three degrees.

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The current was not changed, and she steered off in the direction desired; she ran this way for a few moments only, when the doctor, who was looking over the side of the boat, observed a change in the color of the water; the current on which they had been floating was of a sombre brown hue, but now and immediately alongside of it, could be seen the blue sea-water, the line between seeming to be a wall. As the bow of the boat struck this line, it sheered away from it, and despite every effort of the captain, it was found impossible to push into the blue water beyond. Here, it was evident, was at least one boundary of their course through the ocean.

Being here, the lieutenant tried his thermometer again, and this time in the blue water, where the temperature was found to be eighty degrees; moreover, a slight, cool breeze blew from this side of the boat, and the open air showed a decrease of heat almost as great as did the water itself.

"The water here being eighty degrees," remarked De Vergne, "it is doubtless much cooler a few yards further out."

"A very satisfactory condition of things," said the captain, "but of very little use to us, since we are bound, as with iron bands, to this frightful current ourselves."

"Well," observed Doctor Beaumont, "let us be thankful for what we have got."

The *Admiral* sped along, Captain Wortendyke laying her course as near to the outer edge of the current as was practicable, and nothing occurred of importance for an hour or so, during which time the passengers amused themselves in discussing the probabilities of the immediate future. The scene and the situation began to grow a little monotonous, and the captain becoming restive, suggested that for a change they should try and discover how wide was the current upon which they were driving.

The doctor was little inclined to experiment in this direction, but as the others all agreed that it was a matter of some interest, and might become one for scientific consideration thereafter, he finally consented to have their course altered. This was accordingly done, and they headed more to the westward, but only for a few moments, when unexpectedly they arrived upon precisely the same condition of things at the other side of the current. Here again they drove against its outer edge, and here again found themselves in the presence of blue water. The distance which they had passed from one side to the other, estimating as accurately as was possible upon the diagonal, without measurement, was found to be about six hundred yards, or a little less than an eighth of a mile.

(To be continued.)

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 686.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"THE RESULT WAS BETTER THAN HE HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT, FOR THE DISTANCE WAS SO SHORT THAT HE SHOT THE REDSKIN DEAD IN HIS TRACKS."

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

CHARLES W. BILLIN,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES W. BILLIN is a most interesting example of scholarship and excellence of conduct. He was presented to us on our recent visit to Grammar School No. 4, Ryerson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. His intelligent face and polite manners struck us on the instant, and we were not surprised to hear from the Principal a most flattering account of him. He is now in the first class, making a high monthly per centage. He was born in New York City, September 7th, 1863, and is therefore fifteen years of age. He is the son of George and Virginia Billin. After attending different pay schools, he entered the first class of the Intermediate Department of No. 4. At that time he was eleven years old, and it is safe to say that during the whole period since, no boy could have more faithfully attended to every school duty. His gentleness of disposition, his entire self-government, his invariable truthfulness, and his love of justice have made him conspicuous among all his classmates. The hearts of those who can appreciate a beautiful character and quick mind in the young go out to this boy, for, should his life be spared, he will honor manhood.

CHARLES W. BILLIN, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CARROLL BERRY,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

CARROLL BERRY is a bright and ambitious pupil of Grammar School No. 16, Wilson Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. This school has always a high order of scholars, and when either a boy or girl is selected as the representative of any class it is proof that he or she is no ordinary scholar. Carrol Berry is entitled to all the honor which that test can give him, for he is such a scholar, in the most comprehensive sense. He was born in Brooklyn, December 17th, 1864, and is therefore in his fifteenth year. He is the son of John and Julia L. Berry, and grandson of the late A. J. Berry, who was the first Mayor of the city of Williamsburgh, now the Eastern District of Brooklyn. At first he attended a private school, and when ten years old entered the fourth class in the Primary Department of No. 16. When we had our recent interview with him he was in the studies of Class B, second. He is studying hard, and will undoubtedly hold his advanced position through the entire course. He has a large head, with an intelligent face. His complexion is pale, and he should not forget to cultivate his physical as well as mental nature. He has strong moral principles, and very clear views of propriety on all subjects. His manners are polite, and his conversation is genial and thoughtful.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XVII.

TEXAN RANGERS—THE CAVERN—UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

THERE appeared, as near as the whites could judge, to be some eight or ten of the Comanches engaged in stampeding the sheep, which they had stolen from some party at no great distance. Never once did the savages stop their yelling and whooping, which no doubt did more to keep up the headlong flight of the frightened animals than anything else.

It seemed to Dick that where there was so much hurry and evidence of fear on the part of the Comanches there must be some good cause for it all; and despite the interesting sight—made the more interesting from the element of danger it contained—turned his glass oftener the prairie, in the expectation of discerning the pursuers of the thieves.

The dust, which still rested in the horizon and against the sky, obscured the vision somewhat, but he was unable to catch anything of the cause of this haste and apparent terror.

When all was pushed at such a headlong speed, it did not take the last a long time to get by the place where the two whites were standing.

The wind wafted some of the suffocating dust to where they looked on, and Inez, with a cough to clear her throat, asked her escort whether they had not better join in and take the rear of the drove, so as to get all the benefit of the vapor which seemed to be so acceptable to the Comanches.

Before Dick could make reply to the badinage, the crack of a rifle sounded above the tumult, and the bullet cut the leaves so close, that there could be no doubt on the part of the whites that they were the target of the marksman.

Neither was able to tell the particular point from which the ball had come, as they had not seen the flash of the gun, and were not expecting any such recognition.

"Come," said Dick, on the instant, "we must get a little further away."

They struck their frightened horses into a run, which was kept up until they had gone several hundred yards, when Dick looked back to learn whether or not there was any attempt to pursue them.

The whooping was as loud as ever, and the Comanches seemed to be as wholly occupied in the management of the sheep as before.

Their whole action was such as to show that they were entirely unaware of the proximity of the whites, or if they had seen them, that they did not consider them worthy of any more attention.

Back and forth rode the frenzied warriors, brandishing their guns, while several of them seemed to whirl their lassoes in the very wantonness of an overflow of animal life, now and then catching one of the unfortunate sheep and throwing him end over end for a distance of a rod or two.

Had they but possessed the long, whirling lashes of the professional bull-drivers of the plains, how they would have filled the air with the deafening racket!

As it was, there was enough to keep a drove of ten times the number in a state of terrorism.

In a few minutes after, the whole party was so far beyond the whites, that the latter felt no fear of them, though the memory of the shot which had passed so close was not a pleasant one by any means.

The relative positions of the two were now so changed that the Comanches were in plainer view than were the sheep themselves, and Dick and Inez observed all that they wished of the peculiar antics of that singular people.

"Do you think they saw us?" asked the lady, when they were so far by that her fears were quieted.

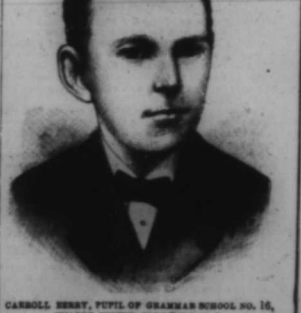
"They could not help it; no Indian would pass that close without detecting a foe."

"Why did they not make a demonstration against us?"

"They hadn't the time; but they sent that shot after us, that we might know they were there, and ready, if we felt disposed to molest them."

"They may return after they think we have ceased to think about them."

"They are in too much of a hurry to stop for such



CARROLL BERRY, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

small game as me; just now sheep are more valuable to them than anything else."

Inez was not disposed at first to look on the situation so favorably as her lover represented it, but his confident air and manner had its effect, and she succeeded in convincing herself, after a time, that there would be nothing more heard from them.

The day was wearing away, and they had a great many more miles to travel to accomplish the distance which they had laid out for themselves when they made their start in the morning.

It seemed to Dick, however, that it was an unwise policy to press their animals too much when there was no special cause for it.

They were liable at any time to need them on their mettle, and as they came upon a particularly favorable spot shortly after, he persuaded Inez that it was wise to go into camp without waiting till dark, when it was likely to be a much harder task to find a place that would suit them.

Here, especially, was an abundance of grass, and their mustangs having been on rather scanty fare since the preceding night, it seemed to be an act of justice to them also.

"You observe the rocks around us," said Dick, "so that in case any of the Comanches choose to make us a nocturnal visit we shall have a better means of making a defense than we have had as yet."

"Do you expect any such thing?"

"No; but there is no harm in preparing for it. There are none of the redskins that are likely to trouble us, unless a new party should turn up, so you say, at the very moment when they are not wanted. And here we find greater facilities than we can anywhere else. It strikes me, too, Inez, that there ought to be something visible of the owners of those sheep that the Comanches are running off."

"What will the Indians do with them?"

"Sell them; that is a common practice with those thieves. There are plenty parties who will buy a lot of valuable property like that for a very cheap price, without asking where they came from."

The young man clambered to the top of the rocks of which he had spoken, for the purpose of making his observation.

A good part of the afternoon was still at their command, and as the air was pretty well cleared of the dust that had obscured their vision but a short time before, everything was in favor of some discovery.

While he was thus engaged, Inez stood at the base of the rocks, looking up to her lover, and waiting for his report.

The glass was scarcely pointed toward the west when he called out:

"There they are! Come up here beside me and take a look."

She bounded up among the rocks, and was by his side in a twinkling.

"Right off there," he added, showing her the point of the compass to which she was to direct her glass.

Following his instructions, she detected at once a party of horsemen riding at full speed straight after the cloud of dust in the southwestern sky.

"There seem to be only three or four," said Inez, after carefully studying them for a minute or two.

"That's all there are, but that is enough. They are regular Texan rangers, and when they come up with those Comanches there will be music, you may depend."

"What will the Indians do?"

"They will keep going with the sheep as long as there seems to be a chance of getting off, and then they will take care of themselves."

"And the Texans will take care of their sheep, so where will be the difference except that the poor dumb animals will have to suffer?"

"You have not stated the situation exactly. I have seen Texan cowboys before when they were mad, and those have been their blood up now. They won't go back till they teach the thieves a lesson. They will put the animals in the charge of one or two of their number, probably only one, and the rest will ride on after the Indians and never stop, if it is possible to overtake them, till they give them a taste of what they deserve."

"I should think that if the Comanches scatter and take different directions, they will be able to get away."

"There is where you have hit it exactly. That is a favorite method with the thieves when they find themselves hard pressed, and in that way they often escape; but some of them will be singled out and be made to bite the dust before the Texans turn back."

So long as the Comanches were compelled to drive their thousand sheep before them, it was not to be expected that they could make speed anything like that of their pursuers.

As a consequence, the Texans gained rapidly, the clouds of dust affording them all the guidance they could ask.

Their purpose, evidently was to come up with the marauders before sunset, so as to have the daylight in which to give them the "lay out" which was intended.

There was every indication that they would succeed in doing this, when the whole party of pursuers and pursued passed from sight in the dust and distance, and the two who were following them so closely with their glasses lowered them again.

These actors in the impending drama, or tragedy, as it may be called, being gone, it became Dick now to bestow his attention upon his companion and himself.

He could not forget her warning that it was not altogether safe to spend the night in such an exposed situation, and he sought out a place among the rocks in which he could kindle a fire without it serving as a guiding star to whatever enemies might be roaming over the prairie.

He had no difficulty in discovering such a spot, and he began gathering wood with which to keep it going until daylight.

The camping site selected was surrounded on three sides by rocks, while the fourth was so shut in by trees that it looked as if the biggest kind of a camp-fire might be started without the least risk of detection, even though it was certain that a hundred of the roaming Apaches and Comanches were abroad that night on the hunt for white emigrants.

There was but the single drawback, however, which was that the partly open side was exactly toward the prairie—that portion which was needed to be guarded more than the others.

However, as Inez expressed herself satisfied with the arrangement, it is scarcely worth our while to say that Dick said nothing.

By the time that wood was gathered and everything ready for starting the fire, the sun was down and night was settled over the plain.

The horses, as was the custom, were left free to go where they chose, there being no danger that they would wander off beyond recovery, or so far that they would not assist in guarding the camp. The presence of the abundant water and grass made it one of the most desirable spots that could have been selected on account of the animals, while it possessed advantages for the riders which it seemed Dick was wise in not overlooking.

The young man, having attended to the horses, returned to the spot where he had left the wood, and arranging it so as to catch readily, he applied a match.

"It isn't so cold that we shall need this for warmth as much as for cheerfulness, and there is still enough of the antelope-meat left to make cooking unnecessary——"

He stopped talking, for as he looked up in the space illuminated by the blaze of the fire he failed to see Inez, to whom he addressed his words.

"I guess nobody could have stolen her in this short time," he said, so loud that he meant she should hear it.

He knew she was close at hand and would soon show herself.

While he was looking for her he heard a voice:

"Can't you come here, Dick?"

The only peculiarity about this was that it seemed to come from beneath the ground upon which he was standing.

Dick leaned his head and inclined it at several angles, so as to catch the precise point, but it seemed impossible to locate it definitely.

"If you will show me a road to get there I will follow," he said, by way of reply.

"Cut your path right down through the rocks."

Suspecting what all this meant, he rose softly and moved back two or three steps.

He remembered something which he thought would explain the seeming mystery.

Sure enough, he discovered the next moment an opening among the rocks behind him, which led into a sort of a cavern.

In fact, Dick himself had explored it while hunting for fuel, and he believed he knew all about it.

The entrance was quite broad, and it expanded when once within, into a barn-like cavity, some forty feet in dimensions by a dozen feet or so in height.

The bottom was irregular and made up of jagged masses of stone, so that the place was not the most comfortable in the world.

Dick preferred the open air, though if the night had been cold he would have fixed upon this as affording him the best security and shelter.

Grouping his way into this blackness of darkness, with his hands outstretched to guard against colliding with anything, a body suddenly sprang forward in the darkness and closed its arms around him.

But he was scarcely startled, for he threw his arms around that in turn, and pressed it to him, and kissed the cheek thereof several times over, so there could not have been anything very terrible or fierce to its nature.

"Have you discovered any 'points,' Inez, while groping around here?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that it looks as if it had been used at some time for a retreat or fort by somebody against somebody."

"I don't understand how you could see anything in the darkness, which was enough to scare me out when I was in there."

"It was not my eyes so much as my ears. There appears to be everything that such a party could need, and more than that, there is a small stream of water running through some portion, though I didn't dare make much of a hunt for it, lest I should tumble in."

"You seem so interested that I will take a look inside with the help of a light."

Some of the wood which Dick had gathered was of a pitchy character, so that it made the best kind of a torch.

Armed with one of these, he entered the cavern again, with the young lady close behind him, her eyes open to their fullest extent on the lookout for whatever was to be seen.

Nothing especially interesting was discovered. The interior being such as has already been described.

During some convulsion of nature this cavity had been formed, and, as Inez had remarked, it possessed many requisites as a means of defense, which would have made it very desirable to a hard-pressed party.

There was one rather singular fact which they found that must be referred to.

Beneath these rocks, coming from somewhere, and how no one could tell where, was a stream of water—very small, but large enough for the two to hear distinctly, as they stood still in the middle of the cavern and listened.

"That is not far off," said Dick, when he had located it among the rocks beneath their very feet.

"If it only flowed through the cavern, as I thought it did, where you could get at it, we would be tempted to make this a dwelling-place."

The eyes of the young man were wandering around the cavity, and at that very moment he caught the glitter of something in the corner like dew upon the grass.

Stepping hastily to it, he stooped over it and examined it by the light of the torch.

There, sure enough, was the identical stream that they were discussing at that moment.

It was the same peculiarity noticeable in life—the very person whom we are discussing is the most likely one to turn up.

There were not more than three feet of the stream visible to those in the cavern, and this was less than six inches wide by scarcely one in depth.

It was clear as crystal, and when the young hunter examined it by tasting, he found it much superior to that which he had need outside.

"I am half tempted to bring our fire in here," he said, when he was through testing the merits of the place. "Here is water, and we have food, though I am not so sure that a fire kindled at the mouth of that would not be seen further away over the prairie than where we have it already."

It was deemed scarcely worth the while to start the blaze anew, and the two moved out from the dark interior into the starlit night on the outside, where their camp-fire was burning quite low.

"I will take a look at the horses," said Dick, "and then we will go into camp for the night. While I am gone you may as well dispose of that meat which I have laid out for you."

The young hunter threw down his torch and moved off toward the spot where he had left the animals cropping the grass.

The result of his inspection was alarming.

The two horses had stopped eating, and their appearance and manner showed they were frightened over something.

To the mind of Dick Harrod there could be but one cause for such a thing in this part of the world, and that was Indians.

Both the steeds were trembling, and Dick's own animal, which, it will be remembered, was one of the most sagacious of his kind, had his head erect and his ears thrown forward just as he always did when he knew of the presence of enemies.

"This looks bad," muttered the master, moving cautiously around; "just as we have settled into the belief that we are nicely situated for the night something like this turns up. There was a strange impulse which led me to enter the cavern and explore the interior, and I begin to believe that it was an indication of Providence——"

He had left the horses and was making his way along toward the fire, where he expected to find Inez awaiting him, when he was startled almost out of his senses by the report of her pistol.

Without stopping to think of anything except that she was in danger, he leaped forward just as a scream fell upon his ear.

The sound of the girl in her distress set the blood of Dick on fire, and he would not have hesitated had he known that a legion of Comanches confronted him.

His fury was such that his judgment was gone for the time, and he was a madman.

Fortunately the distance was short, and a few of his terrific bounds carried him to the spot.

There was the camp-fire burning as brightly as ever, and by its light he saw Inez Melville struggling in the grasp of a muscular Comanche.

Without pausing to reflect on the madness of the act—for he was as likely to kill the one as the other—the infuriated lover raised his rifle and discharged it at the warrior.

The result was better than he had a right to expect, for the distance was so short that he shot the redskin dead in his tracks.

As his wild yell rang out on the air, he threw up his arms and staggered backward, while the released Inez bounded away toward the mouth of the cavern, shouting:

"Come, Dick, it is the only chance we have! There are more! They will cut you off if you wait!"

It was scarcely necessary to make this appeal to her lover, inasmuch as he would have been sure to follow her wheresoever she led.

By the reflection of the camp-fire he caught the outlines of her graceful form as she sprang forward, and immediately after disappeared in the yawning mouth of the cavern.

Her startling words were scarcely uttered when he detected other shadowy forms flitting to and fro in the gloom, proving the truth of what she had said.

Some, at least, of these redskins knew the direction taken by the girl, and were sure to attempt to reach her.

If one or more should get inside ahead of the young man, the case would be hopeless.

The summary manner in which he had dealt justice to the first wretch was the cause of a temporary panic, or rather check, which, however, lasted but a second or two.

As Dick made a tremendous leap, with the intention of shooting ahead of all others, he found that a brawny Comanche was not behind him, but the two were side by side, like a couple of runners straining for the goal.

As neither could go in before the other, as the case stood just then, they came in collision the next instant!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REFUGE—BESIEGED IN THE CAVERN—THE BESIEGERS.

THE Comanche was as determined as Dick Harrod to enter the cavern in which Inez Melville had just vanished.

The distance being very short, the inevitable consequence was that they came in collision.

Dick was expecting this, and was prepared for it, while the warrior acted as if he thought the white man would withdraw when he found that such a formidable foe as he was in the path.

Dick did not fire his gun or pistol, for in the brief time in which the race continued it occurred that he was likely to have greater need of his ammunition.

But the Comanche probably thought he was shot, for the young hunter suddenly struck him a terrific blow alongside the skull, which tumbled him over upon the ground until he rolled out of sight in the darkness, while his assailant sprang into the cavern.

As the latter went out of sight a half dozen bullets were sent after him, and his escape from them was remarkable.

The instant he was sure he was safe against such danger, Dick Harrod threw himself down upon the dusty floor, and held his rifle in a position ready to shoot the first savage that should show himself.

He had no time to look or call for Inez, for it was all-important that the entrance to the cavern should be defended against the Comanches, who, if they could secure entrance but once, would quickly slay or make prisoners of the two within.

All was quiet for a time, and the redskins were evidently afraid to make the sudden rush which ought to have carried all before it.

Seeing nothing of them, Dick laid his gun down where it was within instant reach, and held his revolver grasped, with his eye striving to penetrate the gloom by which they were surrounded.

The moon had not yet risen, and the darkness was such that from where he lay in this attitude of attention he could see nothing of his enemies until they should come very near.

Dick at such a time knew how valuable a trained sense of hearing was to one, and he relied in a great measure upon that.

The stillness continued but a minute or two, when he was sure he heard one of the Comanches crawling stealthily toward him over the stretch of rocks in his front.

He raised his head enough to peer over, but that particular part of the rocks was shrouded in gloom, which was not pierced even by the starlight, and he could see nothing at all.

But he knew he was there, for all that, and he carefully raised the hammer of his revolver, that he might be ready the very instant it was needed.

In doing this he carefully muffled the sound, for he did not wish the warrior to withdraw until he could give him the contents of one of the chambers, at least, for he was sure of the moral effect of such a check, following close on the shot Inez had fired and the knock-down argument he himself had advanced to the Comanche that presumed to crowd him when striving to enter the cavern.

The noise, which was so slight as to be audible, and nothing more, never ceased, until Dick was convinced that the warrior was within six feet of where he himself was lying.

Then came quiet for a minute, as if the Comanche was listening.

Dick was afraid he would hear his heart, which throbbed violently through fear that the Indian would take the alarm and withdraw before coming within sight of the watcher.

The chances were that Dick could have hit him at that time, as he knew very nearly where the warrior was extended flat on the rock, and moving toward him.

The little halt which the savage indulged himself in appeared to satisfy him that the coast was clear, and the next minute Dick heard him coming again.

The white man held his own for a few seconds more, not even moving his arm, until at last he caught the outlines of some dark body on the face of the rocks before him.

The moment he was sure of this he noiselessly raised his right arm and brought it round to the front, with the purpose of getting it in "position."

Very unexpectedly to Dick, he had made a serious miscalculation.

The Comanche was all of two feet nearer than he supposed.

The consequence was that when he made the movement referred to, he actually struck the head of the Indian with the muzzle of his pistol.

The young man, however, did not lose his presence of mind. He understood what it meant, while the Indian was probably bewildered for the moment.

Sure now of his mark, Dick pulled trigger, firing only one chamber of his weapon, for it was wise to be economical with his ammunition.

The frenzied yell that followed, and the sound of scrambling feet, justified the suspicion that somebody was hurt, and that the defender had given the red scout a reception he had not counted upon.

The guardsman was still expecting a rush from the redskins that were clustering about the outside in unknown numbers, but they showed no anxiety to come just then.

A careful listening convinced Dick that there were no more as near the mouth of the cavern as was the one whom he had just shot.

Still on the alert, the hunter detected a soft movement at his side and a touch upon his arm.

He knew what it meant well, and he reached out his hand to take that which was groping for his.

"Are you hurt, Inez?"

"Not in the least; are you?"

"Not a scratch, thank God. What meant that pistol shot of yours?"

"It meant that I tried to hit an Indian, and I think I succeeded. I was sitting on the rock where you left me, when I happened to turn my head, not hearing any noise, when what should I see but a grim painted savage almost within arm's length. I was so startled that I screamed and started to run into the cavern, when he sprang at me, and before I knew it, he had me. I got my pistol out as soon as I could, and fired at him, but he held me in such a way that I couldn't have the aim I wanted, and I didn't hurt him a great deal. I hit him the next time, but he seemed as tough as the rock itself, and I was trying to get a better chance to make my last shot fatal, when you came along and ended it with your rifle."

"And that reminds me that I have been making the biggest kind of a fool of myself," exclaimed Dick, the thought just occurring to him.

"What have you been doing?"

"Acting the grand fool without reloading my gun; I will make that right now."

And without any delay, and as well as he could do in the darkness, he placed another charge in his rifle.

"You see the wisdom of securing all the sleep last night that we needed," said Dick, "for there will be no slumber for me to-night."

"Nor for me, either; do you think that I could sleep when there is danger every minute that the Comanches will rush in upon us?" she asked.

"I admit that the conditions of slumber are not as favorable as they might be, but I see no need for you to remain awake, if there should come any disposition to sleep."

"I have a pistol as well as you, and if they should make an attack in the night I will be of some account."

"Then take your place at my side, and we will assist each other to keep ward and watch until morning doth appear."

This was done, the two lovers moving to one side the cavern, through fear that the Comanches might take it into their heads to fire some shots into the place by guess.

"Do you think these are the Comanches that we saw driving the sheep?" asked Inez, in a whisper.

"It seems scarcely possible, for they went by a long ways, and they were chased so hard by the Texans that I do not see how they could have gotten back here, even if they possessed a motive for doing so. They must belong to that band that you were saying had the faculty of turning up at the moment they are not wanted."

"How many do you think there are?"

"Probably four or five."

"There are more."

"How do you know that?"

"I saw them, dark as it was; at the moment that that Indian caught me, he was so close to the campfire that you knew I discovered him by its light, and when you fired you were helped in the same way. Right below, on that other ledge of rock, there was just enough firelight for me to see all of a half dozen figures moving along to the direction of the cavern."

"Then it would have been my shot that kept them from making a rush after you?"

"There can be no doubt of that, though I believe there was one that sprang up and tried to catch me."

"Yes; he and I had a bump together, and he fell down because he was not thoughtful enough to brace himself for it."

"Then we have six or eight Comanches on the outside waiting for a chance to get in at us?"

"There are six of that, and maybe twice as many more. Wherever they came from is a mystery, for I was just thinking before I saw how the horses were agitated that we had fixed upon a place to-night where there was scarcely a possibility of being disturbed by the Indians, when at that very time came your pistol-shot and scream."

"What about our horses, Dick?"

"That causes me more anxiety than our own welfare, for we are fully able to take care of ourselves. We have enough food to last us as many days as they will want to stay here, and there is no end to the water, while we are able to defend the cavern against the approach of twenty Comanches or Apaches; but an Indian is as fond of horseflesh as he is of the scalp of a white man, and they will go for the beasts, which are not far away."

"That will put us in a bad condition."

"It will, indeed, but I am not without hope that we shall escape such an irreparable loss."

"The mustangs are so close that the Indians will be sure to get them," suggested Inez, who could see no grounds for the hope that her lover had expressed.

"When I was out there a short time ago the animals were so agitated that they must have known some of the redskins were close by, and when they saw me go away I believe my own horse was intelligent enough to do the same thing."

"Would that save him from being taken?"

"That can only be told hereafter, and I don't suppose we can make anything by convincing ourselves that the two have staid or gone away. Here we are, and here it looks as if we must stay, for some time to come, at least."

"I don't agree with you," replied Inez, with the quiet, determined manner of one who reaches a firm conclusion after debating some serious question with herself.

"If you can suggest any way of avoiding it, I will be glad to hear what it is."

"You see that it is so dark that one of the Comanches came close enough for you to touch him with your pistol before you knew he was there. Now, if the gloom is like that, why isn't it dark enough to allow us to steal out without their seeing us?"

"And what then?"

"Why, we will go where our horses are, and then we shall have nothing for a thousand Comanches, if that many are after us."

"That will scarcely do," said Dick, admiring the bravery of the girl, who was equal to the task of leading in the proposal which she made.

"Tell me why it will not?"

"When a party of Indians are after a number of victims, and have succeeded in driving them into a cavern, one of the first things which the former always do is to guard against their enemies giving them the slip. Those Comanches are scattered all around on the outside, hoping we will make such an attempt as that, when we shall be sure to walk right into their arms."

"I do not see why we need do that," continued Inez, with whom the plan was a favorite one; "where there is such utter darkness as down in front of us they cannot see us, and all we shall have to be careful about is not to make any noise."

Inez was so strenuous on this point that, strange as it may seem, she induced Dick to believe that it was possible to make a successful attempt.

Their short stay at this place was of such a vivid nature that both were familiar with all its turns, and there was one direction which they believed was not so well guarded that it could not be passed by the exercise of great caution.

When the decision was made that it was feasible Dick remarked that they ought to start at once.

It was arranged that he should take the lead, while she was to follow as closely as possible.

In the event of discovery it was agreed that they should make a rush for the cavern again, unless they were so near the horses that there was a greater probability of reaching them.

So much fixed upon, Dick moved a short distance and then paused.

"No use, it's all up now."

This remark was caused by a light directly in front of the cavern, which at first appeared as if it were the glare of a camp-fire, but which the young hunter recognized as the moon.

If the effort was a dangerous one before, when they were given the help of complete darkness, it was impossible now, when they were denied that advantage.

The light would become greater and more widely diffused as the orb climbed up the sky, and discovery was inevitably sure to follow the effort to leave the cavern when it was so thoroughly Comanched.

Even Inez admitted the folly of departure at such a time, and the attempt to do so was reluctantly abandoned.

They carefully resumed their positions, so as to be out of range of any prowling redskins that might crawl up for the purpose of catching a stealthy shot.

And in this position they had nothing to do but watch and listen for the first evidence of the approaching warriors.

The talked together in low tones, the main purpose being to guard against falling asleep.

Their words were uttered in whispers, and now and then Dick raised up, so as to extend his view.

The sky was without a cloud, and the moon steadily climbed toward the zenith, until there was a flood of light on the earth below, almost strong enough to read the page of a printed book.

Had the whites been on the open prairie, they would have been in a situation to detect the approach of the smallest quadruped.

The most stealthy Comanche would have found it beyond his power to creep up without discovery.

But the rocks were jagged and piled up in irregular masses, among which were dark hollows where a foe could lurk securing from observation.

The trouble was that in approaching the cavern there were spots which he could not avoid passing over, where he would be exposed to the gaze of a watchful defender.

All this was understood by the two on the defense, and while Inez took one part of the field before her as her "district," her lover scrutinized the other.

Both guarded the approaches to the cavern with unremitting vigilance, each resolved that nothing should occur through his or her remissness.

A full hour passed in this monotonous way, during which they neither saw nor heard the least evidence of the redskins being anywhere near them.

This was no proof that they were absent, and they dared not relax their vigilance for a moment on that account.

The time wore away until it was near midnight, and still nothing had occurred to excite the alarm of the watchers.

It seemed to Dick that some of the Indians were likely to steal up and take a shot at him or his companion, and this fear made him more uncomfortable than everything else.

But nothing of the kind took place, and he was left now to conjure up all imaginable theories to account for the long-continued inactivity of the redskins.

Knowing how often the Indians of all tribes make their most fatal attacks just before daybreak, he gathered the idea that such was the plan of the Comanches.

"They think we will hold out till about that time, and then we shall have to succumb, but they never made a greater mistake in all their lives—did they, Inez?"

There was no answer.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked, raising his voice so that he was sure it reached her.

As before, there was no reply.

Then he listened and smiled. Her soft, regular breathing showed that in spite of her will and resolve not to do so, she had dropped off into a quiet, dreamless sleep.

"I am glad of it," said Dick to himself; "she is the best company in the world, but I do not need her, and the rest will do her more good than if she remained awake."

There was just the slightest misgiving that he himself might fall into the same state, as the position was such that he had no place where he could keep in motion so as to ward off the approach of the insidious foe of the sentinel.

He had great skill, however, in his power in this respect, until he was thoroughly alarmed by his head drooping almost to the rock upon which he was lying.

"This will never do!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "I shall be snoring like the seven sleepers within a half hour, unless I do something to fight it off better than lying still on the ground."

There was the cavern behind him, and he wheeled about and walked back in that, instantly returning and repeating the movement.

Each time as he came to the opening, he carefully scanned the moonlit space in front to learn whether any change had taken place during the second in which he was absent.

When this was repeated a number of times, it, too, became monotonous, and he resorted to the practice of counting the steps he took in the round, and then he went through a calculation so to the number it would require to accomplish a mile.

By such artifices as these, he managed to worry through the passing hours with less nervous wear than would have been the case had he done nothing but watch and listen.

"The night must be well gone," he said to himself, coming to a halt, and at the mouth of the cavern, and looking out as had already done a full hundred times before.

"An hour or two more and the Comanches, if they mean to do anything at all, will uncover their batteries and let me know in what shape it is to come. If I discover any signs, I will awaken Inez, for she spoke the truth when she said she could be of help to me in case we are attacked. I have reloaded her pistol for her, and she is not afraid or backward about using it if the emergency arises. However, there seems to be nothing as yet, and——"

At last there was a movement.

On the other edge of the mass of rocks something stirred. The sentinel was not looking at the precise point at the time, so he could not make sure of its nature.

His attention was riveted at once, for he was sure that something important was on hand.

At the end of several minutes the same movement was repeated, and he was able to distinguish the figure of a man, whose face seemed to be turned toward the cavern, while he was advancing, with a slow, measured tread, as if undecided whether he was doing a safe thing or not.

"It is one of those Comanches," said Dick to himself, "and he thinks we are asleep, and the time has come when it is safe to call."

He could not tell where he was until the warrior should come near enough for him to make his aim certain, when he would teach his companions, for this particular savage would pass beyond that point, that somebody in that part of the world was wide awake.

The warrior continued advancing with a peculiar, deliberate and half-military tread, standing erect as if keeping time to slow music, which nobody could hear.

Half way across the space and the point was reached for which Dick was waiting, and he raised his rifle and sighted at the fellow, who had, or at least seemed to have, no suspicion of his imminent peril.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 403.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUENA VISTA.

TOSS was overjoyed at Roy's safe return.

"I never expected to see you again!" he exclaimed.

"The pitcher didn't get broken this time, you see," answered Roy, laughingly.

"Ah! you are one of the lucky ones. Is it back to camp, now?"

"Yes, as fast as you can go."

They reserved to Saltillo at a good speed, and Roy hastened at once to General Taylor's quarters.

The general was greatly pleased with the tidings.

"I shall be pleased to recommend you to the War Department for a commission in the regular army," he said.

"Thank you, general; we will talk about that when this present campaign is over," responded Roy.

Acting upon the information Roy had obtained, General Taylor marched his army to the Pass of Angostura, and, seeing the strength of this position, awaited the threatened attack of Santa Anna.

The baggage and supply train was stationed at Buena Vista, a small village or ranch, on the road between Saltillo and San Luis Potosi.

The artillery was stationed in good positions, and the little army eagerly awaited the foe.

In this army there was a confident feeling of success, notwithstanding the superior number of the foe.

Soon after sunrise the Mexican army was observed moving over the hills to the south, their infantry drawn up in columns, supported by deep sections of cavalry.

The heavy masses continued to arrive, moving in regular order, they presented a most stirring spectacle.

Their new uniforms and burnished arms, glittering in the morning sun, and quivering with thousands of reflections, appeared like a sea of steel; while the rows of cavalry presented a grandeur of appearance far beyond anything in the American army.

From a rocky plateau, on which they had been stationed as a support to Washington's battery, Roy and Tom Meade watched the glittering host.

"We're in for it this time," observed Tom.

"Some of us have got to suffer."

"This will be a desperate battle," answered Roy; "but our position greatly favors us."

"Well, it's lucky something favors us. Hallo! what's that?"

"A flag of truce. A summons to surrender, no doubt."

"Do you think old Rough-and-Ready will?"

"Decidedly not. General Taylor never surrenders."

The flag of truce was, as Roy had surmised, a summons to surrender.

And General Taylor returned this answer:

"In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request."

An immediate desultory firing took place.

A company of Mexican infantry advanced with a howitzer and opened fire. Roy was ordered to drive them back with his rangers, which he did most effectually, killing thirty and capturing their cannon. He did not lose a man, though four of his men were wounded.

"The game's begun, and we've taken the first deal!" said Tom, jubilantly.

"Look out for your pitcher!" rejoined Roy.

"You bet I will!"

The night came coldly down upon the opposing hosts, and the Americans were obliged to bivouac on the bleak rocks, without fires, and resting upon their arms.

At daylight both armies were ready for the strife. During the night the enemy had succeeded in gaining the top of the mountain, where the skirmish of the preceding evening had taken place, and passing thence to the left and rear.

Here the battle began. General Wool, who had the command at this point, received the shock from the imbecile masses of the enemy with coolness, his columns pouring back a deadly volley of rifle-bullets.

In a few moments the centre was attacked. It was here that Captain Washington's battery, and Roy Bellingham and his rangers, were stationed, in the Pass of Angostura.

So terrible was the fire from Captain Washington's guns that whole lines of the Mexicans seemed to sink at every discharge, and long gaps in the densely-packed mass told of the sweeping entrance of grape and canister.

The survivors pressed forward under this withering fire, until within full range of the artillery, when the front ranks recoiled in confusion, and then broke into a rapid retreat.

The rangers watched this artillery fight without being called upon to assist in it.

"This is like a game of ten-pins," said Tom Meade. "Our cannon-balls bowl them over as fast as they can set them up."

"This is only a commencement," answered Roy. "We shall have longer work than this."

The Mexicans now advanced in full force, artillery, infantry and cavalry, and Bragg's and O'Brien's batteries, supported by the Indiana regiment and the Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Jefferson Davis.

By some mistake Colonel Bowles, who commanded the Indiana Volunteers, gave the order, "Cease firing and retreat." The troops obeyed, as a matter of course, and thus the services of this regiment, which had behaved bravely, were nearly lost during the rest of the battle.

Unaware of the loss of his support, O'Brien urged his guns forward.

The prospect before him was enough to appall even a veteran. The hills on every side were alive with troops; horsemen were pouring over the ground, and artillery vomiting forth floods of flaming balls.

O'Brien, with a quick, anxious glance, turned to see where was his support.

He was alone.

With three pieces of artillery and a few cannoneers, he was now exposed to the shock of the advancing columns of the foe.

Flushed with success from the discomfiture of the Indiana regiment, the foe swept forward.

A staff-officer galloped up to the plateau where Roy and his rangers were stationed.

"Captain Bellingham, General Wool wishes you to take your men to the support of O'Brien's battery," he called out.

"At once!" responded Roy.

"Here goes the pitcher again!" exclaimed Tom Meade.

The rangers hurried to the spot where O'Brien was making his brave and desperate stand.

By this time most of the cannoniers had been killed or disabled, Captain O'Brien himself had received a wound in the leg, and two horses had been shot under him.

Three thousand Mexican infantry were pouring showers of bullets upon him, while a battery, three hundred yards to his left, was vomiting forth grape and canister.

The arrival of Roy and his rangers gave him new courage.

"By the powers of war! I'm glad to see you, Captain Bellingham!" cried the gallant O'Brien, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand.

Whilst part of the rangers were thrown to the left and right to gall the enemy with their rifles, others, directed by Tom Meade, acted as cannoneers.

The fire of the battery was resumed; alleys and gaps opened all along the enemy's front, and the balls rattled upon their cannon, sweeping artillery, men and horses, to destruction.

The front columns wavered and fell back. But they did not retreat far. They were heavily reinforced, and again advanced.

In rapid succession, one discharge after another was hurled against them; but each gap was filled as soon as made, and in one desperate mass they poured toward the battery and the rangers.

It was the critical moment of the battle, for if the Mexicans succeeded in forcing O'Brien's position the day would be theirs.

The struggle was terrible; not at this point alone but all along the line, for all sections of General Taylor's army were doing their duty nobly.

The enemy sank down by scores. A squadron of lancers charged the battery but were driven back by Roy and his rangers.

Still the main body rushed on.

The wounded and dying were crushed in their furious charge, and soon their horses were within a few yards of O'Brien's cannon.

Here they received the last discharge, and as the driving iron hail smote their columns, a groan of anguish followed, and horse and rider sank down, and rolled over the rocky surface in the throes of death.

This was the last struggle on the gory field of Buena Vista. The Mexicans were defeated.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RANCH AT ENCANTADA.

ZELIA, from a lofty eminence amongst the mountains, had watched the battle of Buena Vista. She felt assured that General Taylor's small army was doomed to destruction.

Hartnett and Graghty stood beside her and viewed the battle-field.

They saw Santa Anna's army gallantly press forward to the attack.

"The Americans will be defeated this time!" cried Zelia.

But they saw the army which had advanced so proudly retreating in disordered masses.

"Heavens! again defeated!" cried Zelia, vehemently. "What are these Mexicans made of? They are not men, but women!"

The defeat at Buena Vista had broken the spell by which Santa Anna had held his hastily-organized army together, and it melted away like snow before the sunbeams. He could not bring it again to the attack.

Nor could General Taylor pursue the flying foe. The terrific struggle in the Pass of Angostura had cost his army dear. He returned to Saltillo to give his exhausted army a needful rest.

Zelia's breast was now filled with a torturing anxiety. She knew that General Taylor's army had suffered severely in the battle, and the fear that Roy was amongst the slain had taken possession of her mind.

She resolved to go into Saltillo and learn the truth. If he lived, she would make herself known to him, and he might be induced to look more kindly upon her. This hope thrilled her bosom with delightful anticipations.

She communicated her intention to Hartnett.

"But why do you want to go to—what's the use of it?"

"For a little excitement, in the first place," she answered; "you know my nature craves for it. In the next, I wish to learn if my stepson was killed in the last battle."

"Young Bellingham?"

"Yes—Roy."

"He's a brave boy, as smart as a steel trap. Well, I'd like to hear if he's safe out of the fight, myself. But I can send one of my men into Saltillo to find that out for us."

"I prefer to go myself."

That afternoon Zelia, mounted on her mule, rode down the mountain-path and turned into the road that led to Saltillo. Hartnett and Graghty, from a little plateau among the hills, watched her depart.

Then they walked to the hut in which Richard Eaton, Mary Frank, and Nelly had been obliged to take up their quarters.

It was a rude structure, built of *adobes* (sun-dried bricks) with a reed roof. A herdsman's ranch, or hut. It contained but two apartments.

Estevan had attempted to add to the comfort of its interior by the plunder taken from Santa Anna's deserted camp, in the shape of camp-beds and stools.

"Well, he's gone," said Graghty; "but he didn't much relish the job."

"No; and do you know why?"

"Begorra! it appears to me that he's taken a shine to the girl."

"You are right. But she is not for him, the yellow-faced monkey! Come in; we'll soon see what little game this is that the kurnel and Estevan are playing so comfortably together."

They entered the hut and found Richard Eaton, Mary Frank and Milly Meade in the first, or main, apartment, for the other was quite small, nothing but a nook partitioned off.

"It is not Captain Estevan!" cried Mary Frank, gazing surprisedly at these two rough and bearded men.

"No; it's Lieutenant-Kurnel Tomaso, and Major Edwardo," answered Hartnett, with his grim smile. "I hope you have been made comfortable while you have been here?"

CHAPTER XL.

AT SALTILLO.

MARY FRANK gazed curiously at Hartnett and Graghty, and she was by no means pleased with their personal appearance.

They did not compare favorably, in her eyes, with the young Mexican, Estevan.

"Are you the commander here?" inquired Richard Eaton, regarding Hartnett curiously.

"I am."

"You appear to be an American or Englishman?"

"I am an American—raised in the north end of Boston."

This information surprised Richard Eaton.

"Indeed?" he cried. "Yet you are in the service of Mexico?"

"Yes; my commission as Lieutenant-Kurnel is all correct. I was in Kurnel Falcon's regiment."

"Ah! that young Mexican woman?"

Ned Graghty nudged Hartnett with his elbow.

"He knows her!" he whispered.

But this whisper reached the ears of Mary Frank.

"Yes, he does know her, and so do I!" she exclaimed, quickly. "Was she killed at Monterey? Captain Estevan led us to inter so."

"No, she was not killed; but she had a narrow escape of it," answered Hartnett.

"Ah! then it is she that is keeping us prisoners here?" cried Richard Eaton. "The Captain Estevan has deceived us."

"I think it's very likely; he's capable of it," answered Hartnett, in his grim fashion. "But why should she keep you prisoners—what's her object?"

Richard Eaton hesitated to reply. He was not sure that it was safe to take this rough soldier into his confidence.

"You can trust me, for I am disposed to be your friend," added Hartnett, as he observed Eaton's hesitation.

"Perhaps, but as this woman—this Colonel Falcon—is still alive, she must be in command——"

"No, she isn't; she has resigned, and I have succeeded her. She has left off her regimentals, and she will not put them on any more."

"Is she here?" cried Mary Frank. "I would like to see her and have a talk with her."

"She has gone to Saltillo."

"Then she was here?"

"Yes."

"Ah! she was the monk?" exclaimed Mary Frank, quickly.

And Ned Graghty burst into a laugh.

"Begorra! you've hit it!" he rejoined. "*Padre Agapito*, that's what she calls herself now."

"Why has she gone to Saltillo?" inquired Mary Frank, eagerly.

"To try if she can see Roy Bellingham," replied Hartnett, significantly.

"My Roy!" exclaimed Mary Frank.

"Ah! then you are his sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mary Frank, with charming frankness.

"Then he's a lucky dog!"

Richard Eaton looked keenly at Hartnett.

"You appear to be well acquainted with this woman and her designs," he said.

"Tolerably."

"You must be aware, then, that she is detaining us to prevent us from joining Roy Bellingham?"

"I was not aware of it until to-day; my friend Ned here put me up to the dodge. You see, Estevan will do anything she tells him. She hombugged me with a story about keeping you for a ransom."

(To be continued.)

"Sir! the Ranger" was commenced in No. 397.

DOESTICKS GOES FISHING.

"BAIT!" AND "OLD OCEAN," AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

HAVING tired of all the manifold pleasures of the city, and longing for a taste and a smell and a sight of the sea, I took up with the invitation of a friend of mine to go with him, on my only holiday for two months, down the Bay, in what he called a "trim-built, stanch, swift, lovely, and well-commanded yacht" to take a day's fishing.

DOESTICKS GOES FISHING.—PIN-HOOK FISHING.

Now, I have always been an expert fisherman—from the time of my pinhook and angle-worm days up to the date of my first exploit with home-made artificial flies, I had ever met with moderate success. To be sure, my flies, which were of my own manufacture, were altogether too much like the genuine article to deceive the fish—I have, in fact, since learned that the artificial fly that looks like any insect that ever existed will never ensnare even the most unsuspecting and innocent of baby fishes. So I agreed to go with my friend.

We were to be back at the dock at half-past four the next morning. Every man—and there were sixteen of us—was to provide his own tackle, bait, provisions and extras.

I was on hand at the proper time—I had invested twenty-seven dollars in the requisite hooks and to his private carriage, armed with a huge assortment of fishing-tackle, five large hampers of lunch, and seven baskets of what might have been taken for the sort of wine called champagne, and of the variety known as Widow Cliquot, had we not had the positive assurance of the gay old commodore that they only contained

BAIT!!!

Finally, all the bait and other freight being on board, a steam-tug hitched on to our modest craft and incontinently dragged us down to the Bay.

In twenty minutes I began to feel, well, as if I had inadvertently swallowed a pint or so of tartar emetic. Noticing that I walked rather feeble, my friend Jenkins came up, and in a quiet way produced from his inner breast pocket a flask full of what he assured me was

BAIT!!!

I swallowed the said bait and seemed much relieved. In fact, I felt so much better that when my friend offered me another mouthful of bait I took it.

By this time we had reached our destination, and everybody prepared to catch his day's allowance of fish.

The boat was anchored, and everybody got out his lines, hooks, nets, spears, harpoons, seines, and other fishing appliances, not forgetting the *bait*. My friends soon were ready, and dropped their lines over the side and began to fish—they had the liveliest sort of luck—I was seized with a sudden resolve to excel them all in my fishing exploits. I knew that nothing was so useful in ensnaring large quantities of fish as a most liberal allowance of *bait*. So I got some what he called "Bourbon" bait from my chum; then I got a little *bait* from the captain—the captain's *bait* was labeled "Old Rye"; the commodore also contributed some *bait* from his basket, which had a label, "Heidsick," and then two or three of my fellow-fishers gave each some from their own private stores; they all had different sort of *bait*—one was called "Old Tom," another "Otard," another "New England," still another was called "Jamaica," and others yet were denominated by various titles; and then, at last, as I wanted to get a variety of *bait*, so that I would know all about it hereafter, I took some German bait from the barrels which had looked so much like lager beer, and which was given to me in big mugs.

I then went to the side of the ship to cast over my lines.

To my great astonishment I began to cast over something else; to my still greater astonishment I soon found that it was my *bait*, which in my hurry I had carelessly slipped into my mouth, and which had strangely slipped down my throat.

Old Ocean seemed to cherish a special antagonism toward me, and as soon as I approached the side, he began to toss and tumble the ship until I had to throw my *bait* overboard.

I fought Old Ocean as well as I could; as fast as he made me throw my *bait* away my companions furnished more; my chum Jelkins gave me at intervals three flasks of "Bourbon" bait, the commodore stuck to me till I had consumed seven bottles of *Widow Cliquot's* wine, all of which I had within two minutes afterward thrown over as an offering to Old Ocean; then the commodore said he wouldn't see so much good *bait* wasted on Old Osh for me or anybody else, so he stopped my supply of Widow C——.

Then the other fellows began to fall off in their attentions, though they stuck to me pretty well—Bubbs would give me some "Old Tom" bait; I would put it in my mouth, and in an instant after would rush to the side and heave it over to Old Osh; Old Osh swallowed it all as if he had been used to being baited all his life; then Bubbs's supply of "O.T." bait running short he said I'd better try something else: so Bailly gave me some "Jamaica" *bait*—all in vain, Old Osh got it in a minute. Then Bildadd presented a specimen of his "Otard" bait. I mechanically took it and as mechanically tossed it over to Old Osh, when Bildadd indignantly asked me if I thought he was going to bait the whole Atlantic Ocean, and at once refused to give me any more.

DOESTICKS GOES FISHING.—EMBARKING THE BAIT.

Wiggins came along and administered a huge dose of his bait, which he called "Rhine Wine." As this, too, followed the rest of the bait into the jaws of Old Osh, Wiggins thereupon respectfully declined to furnish any more provender for Old O., and I was left to my own devices for the rest of the afternoon.

I occupied the time by lying flat on my back until the necessity of making another offering to Old Osh obliged me to approach the side of the ship, when I contributed about all that was left in me *to* contribute, until at last I was laid back in a state of complete exhaustion, and was trampled on and over by the rest of the crowd until we reached the dock.

Making a final tribute to Old Osh as we neared the wharf, I joined the rest of the party in throwing the bait-boxes overboard. The number of flasks, bottles, demijohns, decanters, barrels, baskets and other vehicles for the conveyance of bait proved that if our party had failed in procuring a great number of fish, it was not because we were not provided with a sufficiency of bait.

I had promised a friend a string of fish, as a trophy of my pleasure excursion. I bought them at the market—I gave them to him—he thanked me—he asked me to come to dinner next day—I went. I had hoped for fish—we didn't have them. Friend's wife said that when the cook undertook to dress my fish they were so strong that they made her pay a stomachic tribute even greater than any I had paid to Old Osh. Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that the string of fish I had procured had been offered for sale for a week before I bought them.

My friend's wife said that it was evident that I had not had the proper sort of bait when I caught those fish.

Perhaps she was right—I may try again.

Plenty alluring *bait* is indispensable to anybody who desires to secure plenty of fish from Old Osh, because he may have to—as I did—supply not only the fishes, but all the wide seas, with a tremendous amount of that same *bait*. Experimentally,

J. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER X.

[Continued from page 391.]

TUPPY TUNSTALL wished to improve the occasion by exchanging a few words with his charmer;

But the Diddler was in the way, whether by accident or design Tuppy could not tell.

"I'll be even with you for this, my lads," cried the little old gentleman, as his daughter was escorted to the carriage by the gallant Diddler.

"Drive on, coachey; but take that as a parting blessing from us schoolboys," cried Pickwick, as he threw a ripe apple at his head.

The coachman lashed his horses until they broke into a gallop.

The boys looked after the carriage until it disappeared, and then reentered the house.

The doctor's guests had left the supper-room, and the fat boy was slumbering peacefully in a chair, with the leg of a turkey in his fat hand.

Doctor Waddle was angrily striding up and down the apartment, and stopped short as his pupils entered.

"You are a nice, promising youth, I must say," he cried, looking at the Diddler.

"What has he been doing now, sir?" asked young Pickwick.

"What has he been doing?" cried the doctor. "How dare he leave Swags in bed without any clothes to put on, and sneak into my private apartments uninvited? He has been the cause of all my trouble."

"No harm done—nobody hurt; all had good supper, plenty of fun—and so on, sir," returned the Diddler.

"I'll speak to you in the morning," cried Doctor Waddle, turning his back upon him.

And with the intimation that he should not expect to see any one of them again that night, the doctor departed.

"We have had our supper," said young Pickwick, with a grin; "he can't take that back again."

"Won't he take it out of the Diddler's back tomorrow!" cried Tunstall.

"I don't think he will; at least, not if I can help it," said Fitzsham, who had slipped away and waited in the drawing-room until it was over.

"He doesn't know the doctor, eh, Diddler? You always get your share of thwacks," said young Pickwick.

The Diddler smiled and shook his head.

"Ha, well, never mind! grin and bear it; no matter."

Swags came along in a sleepy way, with the leg of the turkey still in his hand, and allowed his schoolfellows to lead him to his room. They tried to make the fat boy tell them whether he was really asleep when he came down-stairs in that light and airy attire.

But Swags was not such a fool. He kept his own counsel.

DOESTICKS GOES FISHING.—BAITING "OLD OSH."

CHAPTER XI.

THE HEAD ABOVE THE WALL.

THE Diddler managed to awake his bloated bedfellow early on the morning after the party, and he went down to breakfast with the other boys.

Doctor Waddle, to the relief of the fat boy, Fitzsham, and the Diddler, did not superintend the table.

The quarrel with Mr. Lightbody had quite upset him.

He said nothing of the whisky-punch.

"What a lark we had last night!" said young Pickwick. "I shan't forget the expression of that old gentleman's face when Swags marched into the room."

"The Diddler's expression will be quite as funny when he sees the doctor this morning," observed Bully Mungal, with a grin.

Mossy Morton yawned to hide a smile.

"You needn't chuckle, thick-head," said young Pickwick, angrily, to Bully Mungal; "if you got your deserts you wouldn't take it so coolly as the Diddler, I know; he's a better fellow than anybody."

At this moment Joe Snorter looked in.

He had a wintry smile upon his face, and they knew that he bore unwelcome news.

"Fitzsham, Swags, and the Diddler wanted in the library; oh, my! won't they catch it!" he said.

"Lead on," returned the Diddler; "who's afraid? Come on, lads—we'll die like men!"

The doctor, who had not long left his pillow, received them with a heavy frown.

"Now, young gentleman, explain your disgraceful conduct of yesterday," said the doctor, looking at the Diddler, and grasping a new cane.

"It don't matter much what I say," returned the Diddler, glancing at the instrument of torture; "hit me quick—get it over. One, two, three—cut and come again, and so on."

Doctor Waddle lifted the cane.

"Your pardon, sir," said Fitzsham, arresting his hand; "why did you send for me and Swags?"

"I sent for you because I wished to make an example of the Diddler that might warn you both," said the doctor, angrily.

"But what has he done?" persisted Fitzsham.

"I have heard that he hid his schoolfellow's clothes," returned the doctor. "But for that Swags would at all events have been properly dressed."

"Everything the Diddler did last night, sir, was at my suggestion," said Fitzsham.

"Then he should have known better," replied the doctor. "Stand out of the way; the Diddler must be punished."

"I will not, sir, stand away," said Fitzsham, firmly; "I can't see the Diddler punished when he does not deserve it more than myself."

"Then take that, and that, and that!" said the doctor, in a passion, and the cane descended upon Fitzsham's back at least a dozen times. "You asked for it, and now you have got it. I hope you are satisfied."

The thrashing was a severe one; but Fitzsham took it bravely. Not a cry escaped his lips.

DOESTICKS GOES FISHING.—WHERE THE FISH WERE CAUGHT.

"You're a first-rate fellow, Fitzsham; but my turn next," said the Diddler, coolly, presenting his back to the doctor. "Now, sir, if you please, off you go with that nice new cane."

He, too, received a sound thrashing without a murmur.

"I hope the example I have made of your two schoolfellows will strike terror to your heart," said the doctor, turning to Swags. "Do you hear, sir."

There was no response. The fat boy was asleep. His face beamed with smiles, and he gave a placid snore at intervals.

"Swags!" repeated the doctor, stamping his foot and hitting the table with his cane, "you will make me angry."

"Make him angry!" said Fitzsham. "Why, his face is the color of beet-root now."

"Hallos! what's the matter? Is the chimney on fire?" said the bloated youth, opening one eye.

"Disgusting levity!" cried the doctor. "You are not such a dupe as I thought, my young friend. I believe you are as much to blame as the others, and deserve the same punishment."

"Let me be," said Swags, seeing that the doctor was going to strike him; "I'm not interfering with you. I have done nothing to you."

"Take that!" said Doctor Waddle, giving the fat boy a cut across the back, which made him jump, heavy as he was.

"Oh, just you do that again!" said the fat boy, in a stentorian voice.

Fitzsham and the Diddler were as much astonished as the doctor at this sudden display of temper on the part of Swags.

"If you wish it, I will oblige you, my young friend," said Doctor Waddle, grimly, bringing another sharp cut down on the fat boy's back.

"Oh, do it again," cried the fat boy, each time the cane descended, although the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Thank you, I am satisfied," said the doctor, stopping from sheer fatigue.

But as he closed the library-door upon the three boys, he heard Swags mutter:

"Just's you do it again, that's all, and you'll see what you'll get!"

Young Pickwick was waiting on the stairs.

"Been catching what for, old man?" he cried, as he saw the fat boy rubbing his eyes with his knuckles.

"We have all three been made acquainted with the doctor's cane," said Fitzsham; "only the Diddler and I took it coolly."

"Sounded uncommonly like a pig being struck when Swags's turn came," said young Pickwick, winking at Fitzsham and the Diddler.

The school-bell put an end to the conversation.

The fat boy, overcome by his unusual exertions, never opened his eyes once during the school-hours, although repeatedly called.

But as the doctor was not present he was let off by a light punishment.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"TINKLE SOON GOT AHEAD OF THE OTHERS WHO WERE TAKING PART IN THE RACE, AND LOOKING BACK TO GIVE A SHOUT OF DEFIANCE, BUMPED INTO ONE FALL OF HOG'S WASH, WHILE THE OTHER WAS DELIBERATELY *FLUNG* OVER HIM."

"I can't understand what you see in Fitzsham," said young Pickwick to the Diddler, as they went out of school. "Is he a good sort?"

"I like him — nice fellow — very," said the Diddler; "volunteered to have a thrashing for me."

"Volunteered to have a thrashing!" repeated young Pickwick. "I don't comprehend what you mean."

"He said he deserved it as much as I—stood in front—would have it—twig?" said the Diddler.

"That's all very well," murmured the fat boy, sleepily; "but if he had only been kind enough to mind his own business, I am sure the doctor would never have pitched into me," and Swags went in search of a quiet corner for a nap.

Young Pickwick collected his friends together.

"Let's find Fitzsham," he cried.

The Honorable Fitzsham was standing in the playground, when he suddenly found himself in the centre of an excited crowd.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"What's the matter!" cried young Pickwick, catching Fitzsham by the hand; "why, you are a brick. There!"

"The Diddler has told us what a plucky one you are," added Dick. "We didn't think you had it in you."

Before Fitzsham could offer any resistance he was pushed into a chair and raised on the shoulders of the boys.

"Put me down!" cried Fitzsham, who did not seem to approve of his elevated position.

But the boys took no notice of this.

"Three cheers for Fitzsham!" they cried, as they bore him round the playground in triumph.

Suddenly Pickwick and his friends gave a loud shout, and dropped the chair and the unlucky Fitzsham.

A very ill-favored face was looking down upon them from the top of the wall.

"Why, it's old Miffins!" cried young Pickwick.

"Bother old Miffins!" cried Fitzsham, rubbing his shins.

He was utterly disgusted.

The boys, however, paid very little attention to Fitzsham.

They stared up at the ugly face as it stared down at them.

"Yes, it be Miffins!" said the head, with a diabolical grin. "I haven't forgotten your kindness, my lads, in leaving me up on that there barn half the night; and when I gets hold on yer I'll just give yer summut that would keep yer warm on the coldest day in the year."

"Glad to see you looking so well," cried the Diddler, taking off his shabby hat and making a low bow; "quite blooming—pon honor."

"You half-starved scarecrow," cried Miffins, "if I had my way I'd chuck you into a vat of boiling pitch!"

Mr. Miffins further relieved his feelings by making a horrible grimace, which tickled the boys beyond measure.

The doctor at this moment appeared, and pushed his way through the crowd of boys.

"What do you mean by threatening my scholars, you low man?" he cried. "Come to the front door if you have any complaint to make."

"You calls 'em scholars!" observed Miffins, coolly lighting his pipe. "My opinion is different from yours; I calls 'em hogs, I do."

"Get off my wall," said the doctor; "you have no right there. I won't allow my pupils to be contaminated by your low talk."

"Look at that chap over there," said Miffins, jerking his thumb toward the fat boy. "I'd give a tidy sum for him if he was a pig; but what is the use of him as a boy, I should like to know?"

"Get off my wall!" repeated the doctor.

"I'm not a-touching the wall, old ugly-mug," said Miffins; "I'm a-standing in a cart."

"You are a rascal!" cried Mr. Waddle.

"I'm not!" began Miffins.

What more he would have said will never be known, for the horse had grown restive, and at last started off without waiting for its owner's permission.

"Whoa!" cried Miffins, as he was carried down the lane at a terrific rate. "Whoa! yer varment."

"I am glad that man is gone," said the doctor, with a sigh of relief. "If he had remained much longer I should have lost my self-control."

"Disgraceful wretch," said Peter Puckle, who had joined the doctor.

"I never asked you for your opinion," said the doctor. He always made a scapegoat of the usher. "Be careful to remind me to have the wall made higher. I will not have my grounds overlooked by the vulgar herd."

Young Pickwick drew the Diddler aside.

"I thought you told us that Miffins was burnt," he said.

The Diddler grinned.

"In the first place, Miffins was saved," he said; "in the second, the barn was never on fire."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

EVER since the night when young Pickwick found Benny in the field, with Tom Ely standing over him, they had felt a great liking for the bright-eyed, curly-headed boy.

They noticed that there was a shadow on his brow, which never left, even when he was at play.

This was strange in one so young, and set Dick Sanciff thinking.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—MOUNT ÆTNA AND CATANIA.—SEE PAGE 398.

He at last resolved to question Benny.

"What makes you so quiet?" he said, looking down at the little fellow, who was sitting on a garden-roller, in a secluded corner.

"I don't know," said Benny, with a far-away look in his bright eyes. "Perhaps it is because I have such strange fancies, Dick."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick Sancliff.

"I feel that something terrible is hovering over me," said Benny; "something that is creeping silently nearer and nearer."

"Nonsense," said Dick Sancliff. "What do you suppose it is?"

"Death!" said Benny, looking up at the clear, blue sky.

"You'll never be a man if you talk such rubbish," cried Dick, rather impatiently.

"I don't think I ever shall," said Benny.

"Who put such ideas in your head?" asked Dick, half angrily.

"Nobody," said Benny; "they come in the night."

"You don't run about enough in the day," said Dick; "that's what it is."

Benny shook his head.

"The other night, when you were all asleep," he said, slowly, "I sat up in bed and looked out of the window, and I saw a dark figure bend down from the clouds and beckon me."

"You are enough to make a fellow's flesh creep," cried Dick. "I could see all sorts of things in the clouds if I looked long enough."

"But mine are not fancies," cried Benny, earnestly. "I hear voices calling me now."

"This comes of being so much alone," said Dick. "I'll soon cheer you up, old fellow, and make you forget the figures in the clouds, the voices, and all that rubbish."

"You are very kind," said Benny, gratefully.

"Am I?" said Dick; "I don't see how you can make that out. Come, you are to forget all the silly things you have been telling me, do you hear?"

"I'll try," said Benny.

But it was not possible to shake off the gloom that had fallen over his spirits.

"Do you like Tom Ely?" said Dick, to change the conversation; "he doesn't seem to be a very desirable companion."

"Don't ask me that question," said Benny. "Tom would be angry if he knew we were talking about him."

"Who cares?" cried Dick.

But at that moment the roller was roughly pulled from under Benny, and he fell to the ground.

Tom Ely had come behind them unobserved.

He gave a malicious grin as Benny fell, striking his head upon the ground.

"Why did you do that?" asked Dick, angrily.

"I did it because it suited me to do it," said Tom Ely; "and I'll give him something better worth remembering if I hear him jawing about me again."

"You are a cowardly hound!" cried Dick, clinching his fist. "You would not have dared to treat me in that way, I know."

"You are a cur with more bark than bite!" retorted Tom. "Don't interfere with me or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Please don't quarrel," said Benny, coming between them. "I can't bear to see it."

"Just you mind your own business," cried Tom, giving Benny a brutal push.

The blood mounted to Dick's brow.

He rushed upon Tom Ely, and, in spite of his struggles, hurled him to the ground.

Tom Ely rose and wiped the blood from his face.

"You have struck me," he said, looking Dick full in the eyes. "The day will come when I shall be able to repay that blow with interest."

"Bosh!" cried Dick.

"Are you coming with me, or are you going to stand talking to this sneak all day?" said Tom, turning upon Benny.

"I am coming with you," said Benny, meekly. "Don't be so cross, Tom."

"Cross!" cried Tom, touching his wounded cheek; "do you see this?"

"I am very sorry," said Benny, walking away with him.

But he looked back at Dick with a grateful smile.

"What's the matter?" asked Mossy Morton, meeting Tom Ely later in the day, and glancing at the scar upon his face.

Dick Sancliff struck me," said Tom, moodily.

"And you never hit him back?" cried Mossy Morton.

"Not I," replied Tom; "that would be poor revenge. I am content to watch and wait."

"You are right," said Mossy Morton. "Let's shake hands. I hate that Dick and his friend Pickwick, and will assist you if I can."

"Agreed," said Tom, eagerly. "We will work together in secret."

"Don't leave me out in the cold," said Bully Mungal, who had overheard the conversation.

"Not I," said Mossy Morton, with a smile. "You may be useful, my friend. Your cunning and skill linked together are bound to win."

Pickwick, who was walking with Dick on the other side of the playground, suddenly swung him round.

"Look there!" he said.

"Look where?" asked Dick.

"Why, at your precious cousin Morton over there, talking to Tom Ely and Bully Mungal," said young Pickwick.

Dick laughed lightly.

"Well?" he said.

"He seems very thick with them," returned young Pickwick. "'Birds of a feather,' you know."

"Now, stop that," said Dick, holding up his finger. "You must not speak against Mossy. Let's change the subject," said Dick Sancliff. "It is the only one on which we disagree."

"As you will," said young Pickwick, with his good-tempered smile. "What about the running match, eh?"

"I've been looking everywhere for Tinkle," returned Dick.

"And here he is," exclaimed young Pickwick.

"All in to begin," said Tinkle.

Once outside the playground, the boys drew up in a line.

"Now," said Young Pickwick, "a fair field and no favor. Off we go!"

CHAPTER XIII.

TINKLE FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

MIFFINS was walking down a narrow lane with a pail of hogs'-wash in either hand.

Having put down one of the pails in order to stretch his nose with more convenience, he suddenly assumed a listening attitude.

"If he ever lastingly hanged if it ain't some o' them boys!" he exclaimed.

The lane made a sudden curve just above the spot upon which Mr. Miffins was standing, consequently that gentleman was unseen by Young Pickwick, Tinkle and Dick Sancliff, whose merry voices had betrayed them.

Mr. Miffins smiled as he looked at the pail which he held in his hand.

"Let 'em come on," he muttered. "They'll have it."

Tinkle soon got ahead of the others who were taking part in the race, and looking back to give a shout of defiance, rushed straight into one pail of hog's-wash, while the other was deliberately flung over him. Dick Sancliff shot past Miffins before he could stop himself.

But his warning call made young Pickwick beat a retreat.

They would have gone to the assistance of their chum, but knew that a single call from Miffins would bring half a dozen farm-laborers down upon them.

"Oh! It's you, is it, my lad?" said Miffins, clutching the unhappy Tinkle by the coat-collar, and holding him at arm's length. "Well, I have paid you back for my bath on the barn, but I haven't done with you yet."

"You had better mind what you are at," said Tinkle, making a sudden plunge.

But Miffins had him fast.

"What do you think I am a-going to do with you?" asked Tinkle's tormentor.

"As I told you before, you had better be careful," said Tinkle, with another plunge.

"You'd like me to wrap yer up in cotton-wool, and send yer home to yer old schoolmaster, I s'pose?" said Miffins. "I'm not such a fool as I looks."

"A good thing for you, for you look an awful fool," retorted Tinkle.

"Say that again," cried Miffins, giving his prisoner a sounding smack with his open palm.

"My turn will come next," said Tinkle, "and you shall have two for every one."

"You have got to hold your tongue, and so I tell you," said Miffins. "Do you see that black ditch?"

Tinkle nodded.

"Well," continued Miffins, "I'm a-going to shove you in there along o' the toads. They'll be fit company for you."

"You shan't do it!" cried Tinkle.

"Won't I?" said Miffin, grimly. "Come along, my lad."

Tinkle clinched his teeth as Miffins dragged him toward the ditch.

"I am not going in there alone," he thought, as he clung to Miffins with the strength of desperation.

"Well, are you ready?"

"No, I'm not," cried Tinkle.

"In you go," cried Miffins.

"Not without you, old man," said Tinkle, suddenly putting out his leg.

This had the effect of throwing Miffins off his feet, and they both rolled down the slope and fell into the slime and ditch together.

"How do you like it, old boy? You have got more of it than I have. Do you like the taste?" said Tinkle, as he scrambled out.

He had taken the precaution to keep his mouth shut.

"Dang yer," said Miffins, who had been half choked with mud, "I'm poisoned; but I'd have you."

He made a sudden dash at Tinkle.

"You won't get me again," said Tinkle, carefully getting beyond his reach. "Oh, dear, no; not if I know it."

"Won't I!" returned the exasperated Miffins, picking up a stone; "if you don't come here directly I'll fling this at your head, I will."

But in spite of this threat Tinkle turned tail and fled, running from side to side of the lane, in order to confuse Miffins's aim.

It was well he did so.

Miffins threw the stone with great violence, but it whizzed harmlessly by, and Tinkle made his escape.

Young Pickwick was waiting for him at the bottom of the lane.

"What a mess you are in!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Tinkle, you do smell nice; ha! ha!"

"I should say so," responded Tinkle; "old Miffins and I have been having a roll in the ditch."

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 484.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

ADVANCED REPORTING PRINCIPLES.

WE omit exercises with both word-signs and vocalized forms, as promised, and give, instead, this week, most of the advanced principles in reporting. Each paragraph of the instruction refers to each line of the engraving. After the explanation at the reporting style in the last lesson, you should have no further trouble with the vowels. A few signs which you may sometimes notice are not written in position according to the accented vowel are placed thus exceptionally, so as not to conflict with another word of similar form and position; otherwise, the rule applies in all cases that the accented vowel determines the position.

Most of these "fine points" are arranged, invented, or improved by Mr. Graham. They are all very useful, and should not be skimmed over, but memorized thoroughly by constant repetition. If you have any difficulty in understanding any one of them, write us. Personal practice will naturally suggest many other little savings, but these are mostly known to the best correspondents and reporters.

L hook enlarged, adds R; R hook enlarged, adds l. They are called Pler, Prel, Bler, Brel, etc. Mel, Nel, and Rel, standing for the letters ml, nl, and rl, are already written with a large hook, and do not take the Pler, or Prel hook.

The past tense of verbs, as well as past participles, take the form of the present tense.

Half-lengths take the shun-hook—the hook to be in proportion to the size of the stem letter.

Telty above the line, stands for *l* when written alone, but when joined to another word, one-half of the usual slanting tick sign is used, as most convenient.

F or *V* hook stands for *have, of, over* and *if*, but *V* hook on *These* for *have*, is longer than the *Ea* hook.

N hook adds *own, not, one*, and to adjectives of comparative degree, *than*.

R hook adds *our* and *are*; in the third position, *were*.

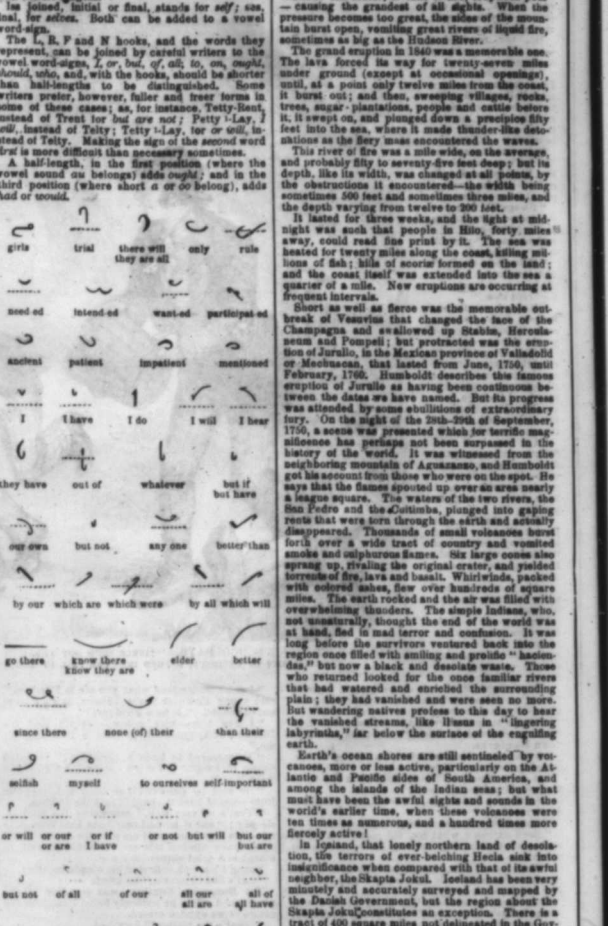
A double length, whether a straight or curved letter, adds *their, there, they are*, or *other*, as well as *ter, der, ther* in single words. In double-lengths the first half takes the proper position. When a vowel precedes a lengthened Lay, it may be made more perpendicular, and with the usual slant when a vowel follows.

A heavy tick (Betty or Jetty) is used for adding *their, there*, etc., as above, when more convenient than double-lengths.

Ise joined, initial or final, stands for *self*; *ses*, final, for *selves*. Both can be added to a vowel word-sign.

The L, R, F and N hooks, and the words they represent, can be joined by careful writers to the vowel word-signs, *I, or, but, of, all, to, on, ought, should*, who, and, with the hooks, should be shorter than half-lengths to be distinguished. Some writers prefer, however, fuller and freer forms in some of these cases; as, for instance, Telty-Rent, instead of Trent for *but are not*; Petty-Lay, *I will*, instead of Telty; Telty-Lay, *for or will*, instead of Telty. Making the sign of the second word *first* is more difficult than necessary sometimes.

A half-length, in the first position (where the vowel sound ou belongs) adds *ought*; and in the third position (where short *a* or *oo* belong), adds *had* or *would*.



[To be continued.]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

MEMORABLE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

SOME OF THE OUTBURSTS FROM THE GLOBE'S FIERY VENTS.

MOUNT ÆTNA'S unusual eruption—now simmering down again—recalls other and greater outbursts of well-known volcanoes. The greatest of all volcanoes now existing are those of the Sandwich Islands, and Kilauea is the greatest of these, if we limit the comparison to "continually active" craters. It is in the east part of the island of Hawaii, latitude 19deg. 25min. north, 156deg. 20min. west. It is a vast pit, eight miles in circumference and 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa, but not nearly up to the top of that famous mountain, which is itself an almost continuously active volcano, very nearly 14,000 feet high, or almost quite as high as Pike's Peak, and within 1,000 feet of the altitude of Mont Blanc.

Kilauea bursts out at an elevation of not quite 4,000 feet above the sea. Its eruptions are indeed evidence of those of Mauna Loa, at the summit, fifteen or sixteen miles distant by the nearest approach; but both volcanoes are part of a great mountain, and both try to "keep it hot" by their fiery eruptions. Kilauea's vast pit, a very hell on earth, has perpendicular walls of rock. Peering over the upper rim the beholder, if not stifled by the sulphurous smoke, sees boiling and seething, a thousand or more feet below him, a sea of melted, fiery rock or lava—so, too, fiery does that gives a glimpse of the earth's incandescent interior, and the sight is appalling.

The melted mass, looking like the liquid iron that is poured out of the melting-pot at a foundry, ever bubbles up, and often sends up columns of liquid fire far, far up above the molten mass. At the southwest end of the vast pit is a lake of melted lava, half a mile wide, and for ever in a state of ebullition. It is called the Hale-mau-mau, or "house of everlasting fire," where Pele, the Hawaiian divinity, dwelt.

Out of this crater, or lake of fire, eruptions pour — causing the grandest of all sights. When the pressure becomes too great, the sides of the mountain burst open, vomiting great rivers of liquid fire, sometimes as big as the Hudson River.

The grand eruption in 1840 was a memorable one. The lava forced its way for twenty-seven miles under ground (except at occasional openings), until, at a point only twelve miles from the coast, it burst out; and then, sweeping villages, rocks, trees, sugar-plantations, people and cattle before it, it swept on, and plunged down a precipice fifty feet into the sea, where it made thunder-like detonations as the fiery mass encountered the waves.

This river of fire was a mile wide, on the average, and probably fifty to seventy-five feet deep; but its depth, like its width, was changed at all points, by the obstructions it encountered—the width being sometimes 500 feet and sometimes three miles, and the depth varying from twelve to 200 feet.

It lasted for three weeks, and the night at midnight was such that people in Hilo, forty miles away, could read fine print by it. The sea was heated for twenty miles along the coast, killing millions of fish; hills of scoriæ formed on the land; and the coast itself was extended into the sea a quarter of a mile. New eruptions are occurring at frequent intervals.

Short as well as fierce was the memorable outbreak of Vesuvius that changed the face of the Campagna and swallowed up Stabiæ, Herculaneum and Pompeii, but protracted was the eruption of Jurullo, in the Mexican province of Valladolid or Mechuacan, that lasted from June, 1759, until February, 1760. Humboldt describes this famous eruption of Jurullo as having been continuous between the dates we have named. But its progress was attended by some ebullitions of extraordinary fury. On the night of the 28th-29th of September, 1759, a scene was presented which for terrific magnificence has perhaps not been surpassed in the history of the world. It was witnessed from the neighboring mountain of Aguasanco, and Humboldt got his account from those who were on the spot. He says that the flames spouted up over an area nearly a league square. The waters of the two rivers, the San Pedro and the Cutimba, plunged into gaping rents that were torn through the earth and actually disappeared. Thousands of small volcanoes burst forth over a wide tract of country and vomited smoke and sulphurous flames. Six large cones also sprang up, rivaling the original crater, and yielded torrents of fire, lava and basalt. Whirlwinds, packed with colored ashes, flew over hundreds of square miles. The earth rocked and the air was filled with overwhelming thunders. The simple Indians, who, not unnaturally, deemed the end of the world was at hand, fled in mad terror and confusion. It was long before the survivors ventured back into the region once filled with smiling and prolific "haciendas," but now a black and desolate waste. Those who returned looked for the once familiar rivers that had watered and enriched the surrounding plain; they had vanished and were seen no more. But wandering natives profess to this day to hear the vanished streams, like Ilsens in "lingering labyrinths," far below the surface of the engulfing earth.

Earth's ocean shores are still sentineled by volcanoes, more or less active, particularly on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of South America, and among the islands of the Indian seas; but what must have been the awful sights and sounds in the world's earlier time, when these volcanoes were ten times as numerous, and a hundred times more fiercely active!

In Iceland, that lonely northern land of desolation, the terrors of ever-belching Hecla sink into insignificance when compared with that of its awful neighbor, the Skapta Jokul. Iceland has been very minutely and accurately surveyed and mapped by the Danish Government, but the region about the Skapta Jokul constitutes an exception. There is a tract of 400 square miles not delineated in the Government ordnance maps, and in this terrific region it is said no foot of man has ever intruded. Lord Dufferin went very near to the forbidden territory, as his "Letters from High Latitudes" so graphically show. The space about the great volcano is, for the most part, however, as void of man and his works as the poles themselves. It is an area heaped to the clouds with masses of ice and everlasting snows.

The most tremendous eruption in Iceland of which there is trustworthy record occurred in 1783. In May of that year there was seen throughout that part of Iceland a mysterious light, bluish fog. Early in June there were slight shocks, and, as it seemed, apprehensive tremblings of the earth. On the 8th of June immense pillars of sable smoke gathered over the lofty country of the north, and bearing ominously down against the wind, wrapped the whole district of Skapta in thick darkness. On the 10th of June a whirlwind of ashes swept over the entire country. Innumerable fire-spouts, like so many demon beacons, now flashed and leaped through the frozen hollows of the mountains. The river Skapta, one of the largest in Iceland, having first poured down to the plain a volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, like the Mexican rivers suddenly disappeared. Forty-eight hours afterward a prodigious mass of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried up river.

The channel, according to Lord Dufferin—to whom we are indebted for most of these details—was of great depth and breadth; but the fearful deluge brimmed up to its banks, overflowed them, and then drove in molten masses over the face of the whole country. Two oceans of lava were the product of this eruption. The one that flowed down the Skapta was fifty miles long by fifteen wide. The other, which rolled down the Hverfisfleet, was fifty miles by seven. When it is imprisoned by the immensely high banks of the Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but on the plain, after it emerged, the thickness of the mass never exceeds one hundred feet. The eruption continued until August, "when the Plutonic drama concluded with an earthquake."

The effects of this amazing phenomenon extended over a whole year and over an immense distance. During all this time clouds surcharged with cinders hung over Iceland. They overwhelmed, to a great depth, tens of thousands of acres of fertile lands. The Faroe Islands, the Orkneys and the Shetlands were covered with volcanic dust. This substance even extended to the atmosphere of England and of Holland. A number variously estimated, but doubtless including many thousands of human beings and one hundred and fifty thousand cattle, perished in Iceland. Apart from such calamities, the eruption must have effected some gigantic physical changes, which are evident to day.

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2. P E L I E
R A Y
O P U S C A T E
W I S H E S

4. Amalf-ant. 5. Bar. 6. Bankbook, Blankbook. 7. Organ, Roads, Gay-as, Adapt, Nests. 8. Nettle, Kettle, Mettle, Settle. 9. Harsh, Arena, Reier, Sneer, Harry. 10. Car-pen-ty.

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3.—L. Chappuis, 262 South Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—Charade.

Did'er those a poem sweet indite
To that Repose we all desire,
And twice the word repeating write
With exclamation 'twixt, but not of ire?
"Thou dost to pristine state bring back,"
Will in a word appear at single crack.

2.—Charade.

My first is a fungus ball full of dust;
My second, preposition, it tell you I must;
My whole is a fish and also a bird,
Which, if you can tell, pray give us the word.

3.—Deletions.

Delete a word that means lamente,
And then is plainly seen,
What now do in the gardens grow
So beautiful and green.
Again delete another word,
A synonym for trusts,
And get what help the first along
With many lifts and thrusts.
Then last delete another word,
Where first you'll often find,
And a nice something it will make
Of wit and mirth combined,
That in these columns oft appears
For your delight designed. G. H. M.

4.—Charade.

My first is an instrument which, though small,
Has more power on earth than monarchs and all;
'Tis the lover's friend and the poet's pride,
Yet has ruined kingdoms, and set friend aside.
My second, though not quite so mischievous,
When in improper hands is very dangerous;
My whole, though employed against my first,
Is deemed its friend and improver just.
E. A. D.

5.—Square Words.

A Turkish police-officer; a bird; a fire of several guns; to slacken; one who searches; a pen and to mistake.

6.—Diamond Puzzle.

A consonant; a priestly robe; to be worth; one who flaps; two-legged; conducted; a consonant.

7.—Double Acrostic.

Two animals both found in our land,
The one of the other doth obedience demand.

1. A fish, small and beautiful. I ween;
2. In Arden Mountains is this animal found;
3. An animal of size and we oft have seen;
4. Their teeming thousands we see all around;
5. An insect that destroys the honeybee;
6. A brilliant native bird with song so sweet;
7. And this in meetings you may chance to see,
When sturdy men use voice and hands and feet.

8.—Metagram.

My first's an animal; please change head,
To cut or scrape you'll have instead;
Change the head once more for me,
A charge or price it then will be;
Just once again, and then decery
What means to challenge or defy.
Accept, dear readers, my thanks to you
For your kind patience. So now, adieu.

9.—Hidden Girls' Names.

There's a firelight glancing,
The shadows are dancing
On ceiling and wall,
And the gathering gloom
Of the dear cosy room
Had a charm for all.

They sat at each sitting there
A little narrator fair
To retain them a story,
Oft heard before, 'tis true,
Well known, but always new,
And full of glory.

Through all the sweet old tale
Interest will not fail
E'en ter a minute,
For Cinderella dear
Gains a warm welcome here—
Long may she win it.

While clear reflections dart,
Home to each childish heart
Goes the recital;
And the deep calm that reign
Eva thinks of her pains
A just requital.

The story is ending,
The children are sending
Bright glances around;
Of the tale of their choice,
Of Eva's soft young voice
Now came the last sound.

10.—Curtailment.

When first, young friends, I went to school,
The teacher said to me:
"Now, how you can this primal read
Come quickly let me see."

I took the first within my hand,
And gazed upon it long,
I something read or spelled, but, ah!
He told me I was wrong.

Said he then, "Now go to your seat,"
Which I did quickly do,
Not waking, as you may be sure,
More questioning—'tis true.

That school, my friends, I did attend
Till I was in my second,
When a very handsome, worthy youth,
I by my friends was reckoned.

On the day that I unto that school
For ever bade farewell,
I met a maiden last and gay,
A charming little belle.

I spake to her, she spake to me,
Fond words we did exchange,
And vows we plighted that nothing o'er
On earth would us estrange.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

"See the moon?" said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out the window the other day. "The moon?" said the little man; "you can't see the moon in the daytime." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt; "there it is over the trees." The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "Tain't lighted, anyway."

"Professor," said the cheeky soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern professor, loving his little jokes, promptly responded: "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them," thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

Civilized Barbarity.—The following horrible cruelties are said to be practiced by almost all civilized peoples: Striking matches; Beating carpets; Whipping cream; Bruising almonds; Crushing sugar; Cutting bread; Chopping suet; Tearing calico; Skinning potatoes; Singeing chickens; Burning paper; Roasting meat; Scalding milk, and Boiling water. And yet, if a barbarous monarch cuts off the heads of a few of his subjects, we hold up our hands and exclaim, "Oh, what atrocity!"

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-by, papa; I love you thirty miles long." A little sister quickly added, "Good-by, dear papa, you will never ride to the end of my love."

Jefferson said: "We seldom repent of having eaten too little." He never went out fishing all day without taking breakfast before starting.

He doubted his ability to climb a fence, but one growl from a dog gave him the necessary confidence, enterprise and ability.

The Same Thing.—Some persons complain because their watch stops. That is what A. Sloper's has done this ever so long—at the pawnbroker's.

"Why don't you get even with him?" was asked of a youth whose schoolmate was in the habit of hectoring him, and the wise young man replied, "I never cross the tease for fear might dot my eyes."

A tutor of a college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added, with earnest pathos, "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil; "my father wears a wig."

A muffled man to Windsor bound, cries "Boatman, do not tarry; and I'll give thee a silver pound to row me o'er the ferry." "Now, who be ye would cross this stream when it is past eleven? To launch my craft I would not dream; the boats lay up at seven." "Throw off that rope," cried out the man, as he buttoned his protector, "and be as lively as you can (whispering)—I'm a Chicago bank director." "Now, that remark your sense displays; I'll row you over, sooney, not so much for your wittee ways as for your bag of money." With ice the boat gets many a shock, and each calls forth invective—there now appears on the ferry dock two men and a detective. "Come back, come back," they cry in grief, in accents sweet as honey, "and we'll forgive that flying thief! Our money! Oh, our money!" But look! he lands on yonder shore; there was nothing to prevent him; and they shall see him never more, though they always will lament him.

A little five year-old was sitting with his mother a few days ago, playing at her feet, when suddenly he looked up into her face and said: "Mother, do you know what I want to be when I grow up?" She shook her head. "Well, when I grow up I want to be one of those men who cure corns and have their pictures in the paper."

To call a fellow a "son of a gun" merely indicates that you think he comes of good stock.

At a recent examination of a ladies' class in Scotland, the following dialogue occurred: *Instructor*—"What does Condillac say about brutes of the scale of beings?" *Student*—"He says a brute is an imperfect animal. *Instructor*—"And what is man?" *Student*—"Man is a perfect brute."

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WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

THE ship *Sacramento*, of New Bedford, Captain Robbins, forty days from Pernambuco, with sugar to H. H. Swift & Co., experienced heavy gales from February 21st to March 5th, with much snow and hail, and fearful sea from north to northwest. February 27th, latitude 32 to 34, at 10 P. M., wind blowing heavily from north northwest, and many "corposants" on yard-arms and mast-heads, and no lightning, a ball of fire exploded in the belly of the main-topsail with a report like a rifle, scattering thousands of sparks, and almost paralyzing all hands for a few moments. Within a few minutes another exploded in the same manner near the deck, knocking down one of the crew. No signs or marks were left by these explosions. Similar fire-balls are often seen on vessels at sea, and are called by sailors St. Elmo's fire. They occur when the air and ocean are in a highly electrical state.

The electricity is attracted to the extremity of mast-heads, yard-arms and projecting points, and this electric light is seen increasing till the fluid is discharged with a report. It is really the electric light which Edison and so many others are trying to capture and make a useful servant; but, so far, it seems to defy them all. It will be seen that there was a great light and no fire, as nothing was burnt. A gentleman describes some of these fire-balls as he saw them on the coast of Brazil:

"Tired of discomfort, I summoned my companions before daylight, in order to get breakfast and prepare for an early start. We had barely risen when one of them, an old resident of Paita, exclaimed, 'Why, doctor, there is the British mail-steamer bound south.' I looked westward, over the Bay of Sachura, and there, sure enough, apparently a long way off, were two bright, orange-colored lights, each with a conspicuous train, and one just ahead of the other, resembling the flames or light from two smoke-sticks. But, as I regarded them intently, I was struck with the rapidity and inequality of their motion, which seemed to increase and waver from moment to moment. They appeared, indeed, to be chasing each other. They were moving horizontally at almost the same level, only a few feet from the surface of the land or water, and with greater rapidity than it was possible for any steamer to move.

"At first, supposing them far off at sea, I was surprised at the quickness of their motion and transient variations of relative distance, and soon became convinced that they issued from no steamship's funnels, but were luminous objects of some sort, one following or chasing the other, not many thousand yards, perhaps feet, away. I called the attention of my companions to these points, and they came to similar conclusions. What were these lights? Our curiosity became intensely excited. They would vanish for a moment as the low dunes toward the bay intervened, and appear again moving swiftly southward, sometimes almost coming together, then separating, and never more than ten or fifteen feet apart, and each showing bright, yellow, luminous trains two or three feet long; both objects strongly brilliant, but not defined with clear outlines. In a word, they resembled large flaming torches, without smoke, in hot pursuit, one after the other, just above the surface of the earth and sea. They were visible many minutes, and suddenly vanished, while yet in full blast, behind what I supposed to be a range of hillocks on the edge of the bay.

"Of course I was on the *qui vive* for the same or similar phenomena to reappear. We observed in all directions. Some minutes elapsed, when one of my companions detected and followed for a while a small, bright light in the southwest. He traced it; but I failed to descry it, to his great surprise. Patiently watched, while my companions busied themselves in preparing for the journey. The gray dawn was beginning to steal into the eastern night, and I beginning to despair, when, to my great delight, another luminous object appeared, approaching from the southwest and sailing toward the north, higher in the air than those before described; and almost immediately there appeared another, slowly following, but not violently chasing the first, as in the former phenomena.

"These strange objects swept along at different heights, without trains, appearing like large, irregularly-shaped bladders of light, sometimes near each other, then far apart, rising and falling as if moved by currents of air, or more like slowly-sailing birds, and changing their motions in all directions. In aspect they were at first yellow and bright, afterward, as daylight advanced, growing paler and bluish-white, like the fumes of phosphorus seen in the dark. They were more defined in form than the first, less intensely brilliant, yet apparently shapeless, and varying from six to fifteen inches in their various diameters. They were strange "spectral" lights, without definite forms or proportions; at moments almost lost to sight, then reappearing again more brightly, and apparently having some relative connection with each other, like that of gregarious birds. They were a long time visible, and finally were lost in the daylight."

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.—THE SHIP "SACRAMENTO" STRUCK BY TWO IMMENSE BALLS OF METEOR FIRE.

AN OILY MONSTER.

WHAT the lion is to the common cat, the sea-elephant, or *Morunga proboscidea*, is to the seal—the mammoth representative. Though not uniform in size, they not unfrequently attain a length of thirty feet, and a circumference of fifteen or eighteen feet, the blubber of a single individual sometimes yielding three hundred gallons of oil, which is considered more valuable than that of the whale.

The grown males have an elongated snout, which gives them the name they bear; their teeth are short and deeply rooted, the molars small and pointed and the caverns very large, and the power of their jaws so great that an angry male specimen has been known to seize a dead comrade weighing a ton and toss him a considerable distance as a dog would a mouse.

When quite young they are called silver-gray pups from their color, but as they mature they become brown, the males inclining to a dark-blue and the females to a yellow shade; their home is the sea, but they have a fashion of spending much of their time upon the shore, occasionally going inland two or three miles and luxuriating in fresh water marshes; they are sluggish in their movements and somewhat stupid, and in certain localities they congregate in large herds or corrals; their tongues are used by the sailors as a welcome delicacy, and by the Yankee boys frequently worked into shinney-pies; the scraps which are left after the blubber has been tried out are employed as fuel with which the trying-out process is conducted; their food is supposed to consist chiefly of cuttle-fish and sea-weed, and the instrument employed in killing them is a sharp lance, which penetrates the throat, and causes them to bleed to death.

In sailor parlance, the old males are called beach masters and bulls, and the females pupping cows and brown cows. During the season of courtship the bulls fight desperately with each other, uttering a kind of roar and inflicting fearful wounds; while the lady elephants, in groups of from fifteen to twenty, look on in dignified silence and satisfaction, as if ready, with expanded flippers, to welcome the victor into their midst.

The mothers usually remain in charge of their young about two months, and during all that time it is said that the lord of each harem occupies a convenient eminence, with his head generally toward the sea, and acts as sentinel to prevent the mothers from abandoning their young, or to protect his favorites from the ungallant assaults of any roving individuals.

The number of these animals which annually resort to Heard's Island, coming from unknown regions, is truly immense. In former times the men who hunted them invariably spared all the cubs they met with, but in these latter days the young and old are slaughtered indiscriminately. We can give no figures as to the total yield of elephant oil in this particular locality, but we know that the men who follow the business lead a most fatiguing and wild life, and well deserve the largest profits they can make.

While Kerguelen's Land is the place where the ships of the elephant-hunters spend the Summer months, which season is literally the "Winter of our discontent," it is upon Heard's Island that the mammoth game is chiefly, if not exclusively, found. Then it is that gangs of men leave the hardihood to build themselves rude cabins upon the island, and there spend the entire Winter. Among those who first exiled themselves to this land of fogs and snow and stormy winds was one Captain Henry Rogers, then serving as first mate; and from his journal, which he kept during this period, we may obtain a realizing sense of the loneliness and hardships of the life to which Americans, for the love of gain, willingly subject themselves in the far-off Indian Ocean.

Having taken a glance at the leading men who identified themselves with the Desolation Islands, and also at the physical peculiarities of these islands, we propose to conclude this paper with a running account of Captain Henry Rogers's adventures during his Winter on Heard's Island.

He left New London in the brig Zoe, Captain James Rogers master, October 26th, 1856, and arrived at their place of destination February 12th, 1857. For about five weeks after their arrival the crew was kept very busy in rafting to the brig several hundred barrels of oil, which had already been prepared and left over by the crew of a sister vessel; and on the 23d of March the wintering gang, with Captain Henry Rogers as their leader, proceeded to move their plunder to the shore, and when that work was completed the brig sailed for the Cape of Good Hope.

The gang consisted of twenty-five men; and after building their house, which was merely a square excavation on the ground, covered with boards and made air-tight with moss and snow, they proceeded to business.

Those who were expert with the lance did most of the killing; the coopers hammered away at their barrels; and, as occasion demanded, all hands participated in skinning the huge sea-elephants, or cutting off the blubber in pieces of about fifteen pounds each, and then, on their backs or on rude sledges transporting it to the trying-works, where it was turned into the precious oil.

Not a day was permitted to pass without "bringing to bag" a little game, and the number of elephants killed ranged from three to as high a figure as forty. According to the record, if one day out of thirty happened to be bright and pleasant, the men were thankful; for the regularity with which rain followed snow, and the fogs were blown about by high winds, was monotonous beyond conception.

And when night came, and the monotonous suppers were packed away, the stories which followed were monotonous, and as the tired men wrapped themselves in their blankets for the night, there was a monotony in their very dreams—but they were of home, of wives, and children and friends, far, far away, over illimitable sea—and that was a monotony which they enjoyed.

When one of these men chanced to be wakeful at the hour of midnight, and went forth from the pent-up cabin to enjoy the fresh air or to commune alone with himself, how must the blackness of darkness and the wild wailing of the ocean, mingled with the screams of the penguins, or the moon and stars shining in their marvelous beauty on the tranquil deep, have filled him with awe! The great waves, perhaps, like beasts of prey, came careering out of the abyss of space; and as they dashed and perished against the icy cliffs would give an unearthly howl, which the winds carried entirely across the island, only to be welcomed by an answering roar from the waves on the opposite shore.

Month after month passes away, and there is no cessation in the labors of the elephant-hunters. Mist and snow and slaughter, the packing of oil, hard bread and sad beef, fatigue and heavy slumbers—these are the burden of their song of life. Those who chance to remember with pleasure the sound of Sabbath bells may cherish a Sabbath feeling in their hearts; but stern necessity compels them, with lance in hand, to do battle with the sea-elephant.

If we but rightly improve our time and faculties we shall be happy. There are springs of the most refined and elevated enjoyment ever open to those who seek wisdom.